

THE REISSUE OF

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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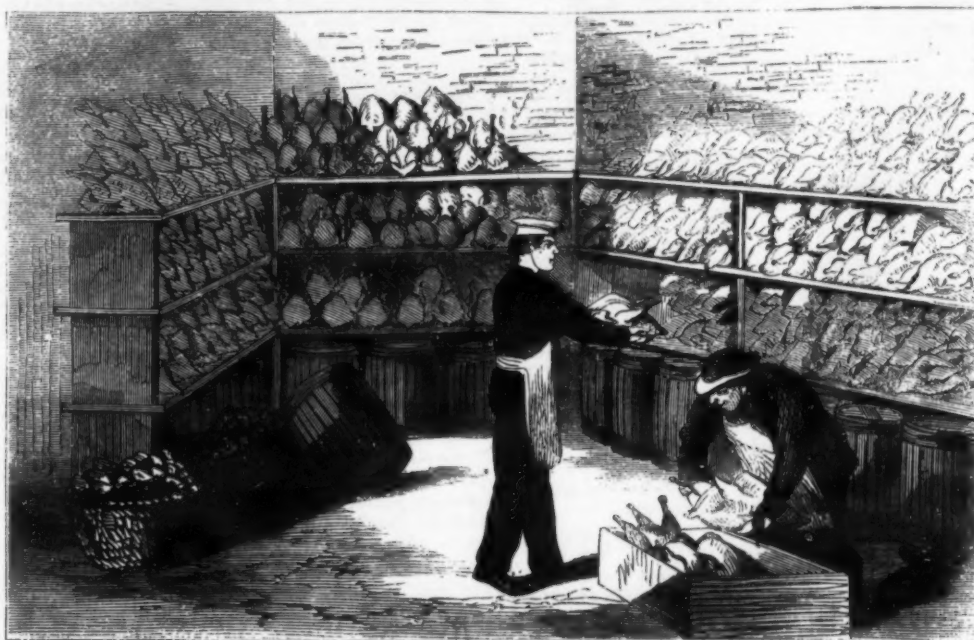
NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS \$1 00.]

## An English Inside View of Richmond—A Dismal Picture.

THE Richmond correspondent of the London Times has been guilty of a great imprudence. He must have forgotten, for a time, that he was in Richmond. In his letter to the "Thunderer" of the 8th October he thunders too much, we apprehend, for his personal comfort in the rebel capital. He shows to the world that Gen Lee is at the mercy of Gen. Grant, and can only be rescued by a stroke of good fortune equivalent to a miracle.

When a zealous rebel-sympathising John Bull writes to his favorite London newspaper, from Richmond, that "Lee is like a skilful one-armed prizefighter, who is fighting a big bully with two arms—stronger, taller, more active and keener sighted than himself;" that, from his great numerical inferiority, "he is tethered down, and cannot afford to lose even 20 lives in a tentative operation;" that "from the configuration of the ground, it is almost impossible for Lee to cut Grant's extended lines in



SCENE AT DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT, BROADWAY—DEPOSITING COOKED POULTRY IN CELLAR PREVIOUS TO SHIPPING.

any vital place;" that the confederates, in danger at all points, all the time, "have been fighting on the rack without intermission for more than five months," and that they are nearly exhausted, he tells a story which cannot operate very favorably upon the rebel cotton loan among the stock gamblers of London. But when this English friend of the "Confederacy" further says that the salvation of Richmond for even a few months longer depends upon a decisive victory by Hood over Sherman in the southwest; and that "if, on the other hand, Sherman is able to extricate himself, there will be reason for apprehension about Richmond during the coming winter, the like of which has never existed before," he simply warns all English holders of "Confederate scrip," in any shape, that the inevitable collapse of the bubble may now be expected at any moment.

Such is our interpretation of this dismal view of Lee's position on the 8th October by the Richmond correspondent of the London Times, whose interest in rebel securities is



PRINCIPAL RECEIVING AND DISPATCHING DEPOT, NO. 24 TRINITY PLACE—RECEIVING CONTRIBUTIONS FOR SOLDIERS' THANKSGIVING DINNER.



perhaps greater than his interest in the rebel cause. Yet he labors diligently to reason out a hopeful prospect of success to Hood in Georgia; but it is mainly upon the delusion that "the disparity between the armies of Sherman and Hood is by no means considerable." What is the truth upon this point? Hood has moved his whole army by a circuitous route, to avoid a battle, up to the Tennessee border, in Alabama, under the belief that he would thus withdraw from Georgia the whole army of Sherman. But the results of this adventure promise to be somewhat different from this expectation. Gen. Sherman, leaving on the Tennessee border, under Gen. Thomas, a sufficient detachment of his forces to take care of Hood, is believed now to be on the road from Atlanta with the main body of his army, en route, either for Macon, the Georgia State capital, where he will cut the last link of communication between Georgia and Richmond, and that he designs moving thence for the reinforcement of his army by the rescue of the 30,000 Union soldiers held as prisoners at Andersonville; or that he is moving directly for the great "Confederate" military magazines, factories and foundries at Augusta, whence he will proceed down the river to Savannah or across the country to Charleston. There is no impediment in his way in either direction. He has, too, the advantages of a region before him, south or east, teeming with subsistence for his army, the region from which Lee is mainly supplied at Richmond.

The weight of the facts and the arguments, therefore, are so overwhelmingly against the calculations of relief to Lee by the defeat of Sherman, that we may reasonably expect that the present movements of our army in Georgia will be the crowning disaster to Lee, and to Davis and his Confederacy.

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DEAN SWIFT, though a clergyman, was accustomed to give way to his wit, sometimes at the expense of his veneration. On one occasion, a tailor who had his side his shears and pressboard for the day and the Bible, sought to confute the Dean's views upon some passage of Scripture which he cited. The Dean yielded gracefully, but said there was another passage which had occasioned him great embarrassment. Said he to the tailor, "I have been reading in Revelations that an angel came down and stood one foot on the sea and the other on dry land; now it lies within your line to tell how many yards of cloth it would take to make him a pair of breeches!"

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

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### To Correspondents.

Will the author of "The Vulture of the Mind" please send her address to this office?

### The Rebel President's Message.

THE rebel Congress assembled in Richmond at noon on Monday, the 7th of Nov., and received the annual Message of Mr. Davis, their President. It is a very remarkable document, both for its admissions and announcements. He criticised the Union Generals, and proclaimed Sherman, Banks and Grant great failures. He declared that neither Atlanta nor Richmond were points of vital importance, adding that while a white Southern man lived there was the Confederacy. He seems to have forgotten the last ditch. No peace without recognition of Southern independence was another of his declarations. He candidly avowed that he had no hope of foreign recognition, nor did he care about it. The public rebel debt was \$1,147,970,208 and some odd cents, exclusive of the foreign and army debt. With regard to arming the slaves, he was not prepared to adopt such a hazardous step while there was one white man left; but he was willing to enroll and drill 40,000 negroes as laborers, these to be armed only in the last stage of emergency; he would also only free such negroes as might be called upon to fight. The

Richmond press had not received this very favorably. The *Richmond Enquirer* postpones its remarks. The *Richmond Examiner* says: "The writer of the Message intended to be cautious, but has in several parts written an indiscreet paper." The editor is particularly angry at Davis's even mentioning the "sensational idea" of arming the negroes, adding:

"But the existence of a negro soldier is totally inconsistent with our political aim, and with our social as well as political system. We surrender our position whenever we introduce the negro to arms. If a negro is fit to be a soldier, he is not fit to be a slave; and if any large portion of the race is fit for free labor—fit to live and to be useful under the competitive system of labor—then the whole race is fit for it. The employment of negroes as soldiers in our armies, either with or without prospective emancipation, would be the first step, but a step which would involve all the rest, to universal abolition."

The *Richmond Sentinel* thinks the discussion injudicious and decidedly premature; while the *Richmond Whig* says that "two propositions are plainly deducible from Mr. Davis's Message which we cannot assent to—these are that freedom ought to be held out as a reward to the slave, which will, of course, make him discontented with his condition of servitude, and secondly, that Congress has the right to take slaves from their masters."

### The Administration—Rumored Changes in the Cabinet.

VARIOUS rumors are afloat of impending changes in the Cabinet. Among them, it is given out that Mr. Secretary Stanton is to be promoted to the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and that Gen. Butler is to take his place in the War Department. Next, it is thought probable that Gen. Banks may relieve Mr. Welles of the cares of the Navy Department, and that on account of the feeble health of Mr. Fessenden, he may insist upon retiring from the Treasury, in which event we may look for the appointment of the Hon. Robert J. Walker to fill that important position, if he will accept it. That, if appointed and accepted, he would fill it to the satisfaction of the country, we have a sufficient guarantee in his able management of the national finances through the Mexican war, under Mr. Polk's Administration. Nor can we doubt that the selection of Gens. Butler and Banks for the places indicated would be generally regarded as good appointments; but as these gentlemen are both from the same State—Massachusetts—we presume that if either is transferred to the Cabinet, the other will remain in the army.

We dare say that in the necessary house-cleaning for the very important business of Mr. Lincoln's second term, we shall have a reconstruction of his Cabinet. Leading Republican journals say that it is a duty devolving upon him, in view of his acceptance of the Baltimore platform; while Gen. Cameron, of Pennsylvania (who may be supposed to speak by authority), promised substantially in one of his late campaign speeches, that after Mr. Lincoln's re-election there would be a new Cabinet. We presume, however, that things will remain pretty much as they are until the meeting of Congress, and mainly in order that the head of each Executive Department may "finish up" his budget for the year, and submit his report to the two Houses, so that his successor—if there is to be one—may begin with a new chapter and a clean set of books.

The leading members of the present Cabinet have not luxuriated upon a bed of roses. They have had to sustain the trials of constant and heavy labors and anxieties, and the incessant unfavorable criticisms of a vigilant opposition party. All things considered, we may say they have done "as well as could be expected;" but if only upon the principle that "a new broom sweeps clean," we think that a careful reorganization by Mr. Lincoln of his Cabinet for his second term would meet, not only the approval of his own party, but the wishes and expectations of the country at large.

### The Case of the Rebel Cruiser Florida.

THE London journals in the interest of Jeff Davis, in their efforts to aid the sinking cause of his Confederacy, permit their zeal to outrun their discretion. They take up the case of the rebel cruiser *Florida*, lately captured within the waters of a Brazilian port by the United States ship *Wachusett*, as a case of violation of a neutral sanctuary, which, if not immediately and fully atoned for, ought to bring down upon our Government the wrath of all the maritime Powers of Europe. We presume, however, that if a satisfactory settlement of this affair can be brought about between the United States and Brazil, there will be no ground of complaint remaining to other nations. Nor have we any doubt, from the very friendly relations that have always existed, and which still exist, between our Government and that of Brazil, that we shall have a quiet and satisfactory adjustment of this affair. In the meantime, we congratulate our fellow-citizens, whose business ventures are upon the high seas, that this rebel piratical ship the *Florida* is in limbo, and that her mission

henceforth will be to protect rather than to destroy American commerce. It is an old maxim that "possession is nine points of the law," and having this advantage on our side, we think that the question of the violation of neutral rights involved will be leisurely discussed and adjusted. There need be no hurry in the matter.

### Peace Rumors—The Decline in Gold.

BETWEEN Monday morning and Thursday evening of last week there was a decline in gold of some 26 per cent., a most alarming run down to the bull operators of Wall street. Something had evidently occurred to work up a little panic among them. What could it be? was the question. Some knowing ones among the outsiders whispered that astonishing news, by the rebel underground railroad, had been heard from Gen. Sherman; some positively knew that the Administration was about to detail a special peace embassy to Richmond, headed by Gen. Butler, and with every prospect of complete success; others, again, were satisfied that the gold gamblers were frightened by certain preparations by Secretary Fessenden for a grand flank movement to head them off; while others argued that it was only a healthy reaction at work "on change," from the violent efforts of unscrupulous gold jobbers to make something out of the late national election.

We dare say that all these causes have been operating among the worshippers of the golden calf, and that a substantial reaction has commenced against them, which, allowing for temporary fluctuations, will steadily go on, until we shall have reached the genuine value of the national currency and credit as compared with gold.

### Summary of the Week.

#### TEXAS AND LOUISIANA.

By the steamship *Morning Star*, which sailed from New Orleans on the 12th Nov., we learn that the French troops have evacuated Matamoras, and that the rebel garrison at Brownsville, on the opposite side of the Rio Grande, was expecting an attack from a Union force, which, it was said, was about to resume possession of that town. The recent Treasury orders declaring New Orleans to be an insurrectionary district had been rescinded, and trade had recommenced. Gen. Canby's wound is so serious that he will not be able to mount a horse for many months. The only item of interest is the capture by the Union troops, under Col. Farrar, who commands at Vidalia, La., of a large herd of cattle which the rebels were making efforts to get across the Mississippi river, for the supply of Hood's army.

#### THE SHENANDOAH.

Early's army had been withdrawn from Sheridan's front, and had fallen back before Staunton, where deserters state the rebels would go into winter quarters. It is considered, however, probable, that they have been ordered to reinforce Lee, who will have to send part of his troops to oppose Sherman.

#### VIRGINIA.

The utmost quiet reigns in the armies before Richmond and Petersburg. The rebels have commenced building an earthwork near the crater caused by the mine explosion of the rebel battery in September, but they progress very cautiously.

#### NORTH CAROLINA.

The rebel newspapers confirm the report that the Union troops had recaptured Washington, N. C., and that the rebels, after evacuating Plymouth, had fallen back to a safe point on the Roanoke river, where they were watching the movements of our troops.

#### GEORGIA.

All that is certainly known of Gen. Sherman's new campaign is that on the 12th Nov. he burned all the buildings in Atlanta that were likely to be of use to the rebels, and with four corps of his army, numbering about 60,000 men, advanced into the enemy's country, in a south-easterly direction. His men had 60 days' rations, and were in the highest spirits. In his address to the troops, he said that they were advancing into a region which had hitherto been untrodden by the armies of either side, and that the supplies were abundant. As part of Sherman's campaign, Gen. Corse had burned all that was calculated to be of any use to the rebels, and had evacuated Rome.

#### EAST TENNESSEE.

The rebel papers publish a dispatch from Gen. Lee, stating that Gen. Breckinridge had defeated the Union Gen. Gillem, on the 14th Nov., at Bull's Gap, with the loss of 400 men and six guns.

### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—A correspondent of the *Boston Journal* writes from Atlanta that the house he is occupying was hit by our missiles 293 times during the siege, and that it is by no means the most damaged house in the city.

—An interesting old building in Reading, Penn., called "The Old Blue House," has been demolished. It is locally remarkable as having served in almost every capacity possible to buildings.

—The public debt was \$2,017,099,515.75 on the 31st of Oct. The annual interest is a little over \$85,000,000.

—No Democratic Presidential ticket was run in Kansas.

—A bedplate, requiring 22 tons of iron, was recently cast at Hartford, Conn., in 65 seconds, for one of our Government engines.

—The war-horse of Gen. Wells is in Boston. He has passed through 12 battles in the Shenandoah valley since April last. Gen. Wells, it will be remembered, was killed at the battle of Cedar Creek.

—A competent authority states, that Sheridan has



captured, in the Shenandoah valley, a mile and thirty-two yards of artillery, or an average of two pieces a day, since he took command.

—St. Albans, Vt., the scene of the recent rebel raid from Canada, voted 608 for Lincoln, and 228 for McClellan. All the border towns gave strong Lincoln majorities.

—A private letter from New Orleans, received in Newport, R. I., states that the immense quantity of cotton stored in the interior of Texas, which Banks failed to reach last spring, is being rapidly sent over the border into Mexico, where it is bought up by Mexican and European speculators, at comparatively small cost.

—Maj.-Gen. McClellan's resignation of his military position in the U. S. Army was sent to Washington on election day, the 8th of November, and was accepted. He has served his country faithfully, and he retires into honorable private life. Let not political rancor blind his fellow-citizens to his merit and services as a soldier, and his integrity and worth as a gentleman and a Christian.

—The British Minister at Washington, in consequence of the warlike aspect of affairs in Japan, has protested against the departure of the ship of war built here by Mr. Westervelt for the Japanese Government.

—We have now three famous female American sculptors, Miss Hosmer, Miss Stebbins and Mrs. Freeman—the latter a new artist.

—A man fell off the forward platform of one of the 7th Avenue cars, the other night, in such a way that both his legs were crushed beneath the wheels. The railroad companies should rigidly enforce their regulation forbidding passengers to ride on the forward platform of the car.

—A number of counterfeiters have lately been trapped in the West, and lodged in the old Capitol prison at Washington. They had succeeded in setting about a great deal of bogus currency.

—Michael Sullivan, keeper of the Philadelphia Hotel, has been arrested, charged with having last year sobbed and drugged a guest at his hotel, and then sold him as a soldier. It is a disgrace to the military authorities of Riker's Island that the case was not inquired into at the time, since the victim then informed them of the outrage. After serving for a year the soldier got a furlough last week, and has come here to see that justice is done.

—The Tulip gunboat, that recently exploded and killed over 50 of its crew, was the vessel which was anchored off Wall street last year, during the time of the riots.

—There is a strange coincidence in the peace articles as uttered by the Washington organs of the Administration, and by Gen. Butler in his speech at the 5th Avenue Hotel, on the 14th November. There seems every reason to conclude that his proposition was the exact courier of Mr. Lincoln.

—Fat ducks and partridges abound in Wisconsin. The sharpshooters of the State are absent in quest of other game—the rebels that war against their own country.

—A bill to regulate railroads will be introduced at the next session of Congress. It is much needed. Railroad accidents are alarmingly frequent. Eight of them have occurred since Oct. 10.

—The 70th birthday of the poet Bryant was duly celebrated on November 3, at the rooms of the Century Club, in this city.

—Pennsylvania has 2,542 miles of railway, which cost \$141,471,710. The canals are 1,047 miles in length, costing \$3,811,700. The real and personal estate, in 1860, amounted to \$1,416,501,588. The State debt, Nov. 30, 1863, was \$39,495,596, showing a decrease from the preceding year of \$915,617.

—It appears that some benighted musician has been engaged in the hopeless task of attempting to bribe one of the writers of a daily paper. In an editorial "To the musician whom it may concern," it frankly calls upon the wicked disciple of Apollo to come and receive his corrupt greenbacks. It appears he first tried the witchery of his promissory note, which was equally ineffective.

—The *Journal of Commerce*, one of the most vehement of the McClellan organs, has accepted the result of the recent election with great patience, and has announced its intention of devoting its columns henceforth to commerce and family affairs. The good temper with which the defeated party has borne its disaster is worthy of especial admiration.

—A squash weighing 151 pounds is on exhibition in Auburn, N. Y. The Skowhegan, Maine, *Clarion*, meanwhile, blows a blast of triumph over a cabbage head weighing 15 pounds and a half.

—Count de Giorzi, the Austrian Minister at Washington, who succeeded the famous Chevalier Hulseman, died in New York, very suddenly, on the 8th Nov. He was in his 55th year. He was a great linguist, writing and speaking seven languages with purity and fluency.

—The Hon. Nathaniel P. Tallmadge died at Battle Creek, Mich., on the 2d Nov. He was, for many years, a prominent New York politician, was United States Senator, and recently Lieut.-Governor of Wisconsin. He emigrated to the West some years ago. He was a spiritualist.

—Commander Napoleon Collins, of the Wachusett, whose recent capture of the Florida shows more daring than diplomacy, is a Pennsylvanian by birth, and was appointed Midshipman, Jan. 2, 1834. He was educated in the Naval School, Philadelphia. In 1862 he was promoted to his present rank, as full commander. He is about 50 years of age, and has been over 21 years on the sea.

—A grand banquet was given on the 14th Nov. at Boston, to Capt. Winslow of the *Kearsarge*, the destroyer of the Alabama. Mr. Everett delivered an oration, to which Capt. Winslow and Lieut. Thornton replied in fitting terms.

—A correspondent writing from Johnsonville, Tenn., says that eight steamboats loaded with Government stores have been burned there to prevent them from falling into the hands of the rebels.

—A most interesting incident occurred on the day of the election. Deacon John Phillips, of Sturbridge, Mass., who is 104 years four months and nine days old, appeared at the Town Hall and deposited his ballot. His son, Col. Phillips, the oldest man in the town, being 90 years old, came with him. Both voted for Lincoln. Deacon Phillips had fought in the War of Independence and his son in that of 1812.

—Hon. John P. Elton, one of the Electors at Large for Connecticut, and only chosen on the 8th Nov., died suddenly on the 10th, at Waterbury. He was a most respected man.

—The American Geographical and Statistical Society held its first meeting for the year on the 10th Nov., at Clinton Hall. Resolutions were passed in honor of the late Capt. Speke.

—Mrs. Plumb's academy of physical culture in West 14th street continues its successful career, and her light and vocal gymnastics are becoming a part of all first-class education. Parents need not be reminded of the primary value of physical strength, and an easy graceful bearing on the part of their children; these are secured by the course of study pursued here.

**Foreign.**—The Danish and German war can thus be summed up: Denmark cedes the three duchies of Schleswig, Holstein and Lauenburg to the victors, and pays to the duchies 8,000,000 of rigsdalers for their claims to the common property of the Danish monarchy. Schleswig and Holstein will be held by the Germans until the Germanic Confederation has decided between the rival claims of the Prince of Augustenburg and the Grand Duke of Oldenburg. Denmark is also to pay for the shipping captured by her fleet. It will be seen that the war has been very disastrous to the Danes, and may not be profitable to the Prince of Augustenburg, who commenced it.

—It is not often that an official inquiry is made into the conduct of the gods, but the Chinese have proposed

it. It is in the report from the Chinese Government on the extinction of a rebellion, which ends with these words: "It is, therefore, most needful that thanks be offered to the gods for their assistance, wherefore the Board of Rites is directed to examine into the services rendered by the different gods, and to report to us."

—The vintage this season in France and Spain is reported to be very rich. Consumers of wine will be happy to hear it.

—The London *Morning Post* announces that the Warrior, the famous iron-plated war ship of England, is to be dismantled, it being deemed inefficient for war purposes.

—The London *Times* editorially notices the inhospitable reception given on several recent occasions to royal personages, and contrasts it with the hospitality shown by the Swedish royal family to the Prince of Wales.

—The Supreme Court of Justice, in Naples, has declared the marriage of Miss Penelope Smith and the late Prince of Capua to be legal. The throne having departed from his family, the only benefit the widow derives from this tardy recognition of her rights is the legitimacy of her children.

—The London correspondent of the *Daily News* says that this year the gamins of London have burnt Abraham Lincoln instead of the Pope of Rome as the Guy Fawkes of the day.

—The English Board of Trade returns of railway accidents for 1863 show that in that year 38 passengers were killed and 401 injured in the United Kingdom by accidents to trains or other causes.

—An American alce is now in full bloom in Edinburgh, Scotland.

—It is reported that a mountain of iron has been discovered on the Canada side of Lake Superior, 45 miles from theault.

—Alexandre Dumas's latest novel, now in course of publication in Paris, is called "San Felice."

—The missionary ship John Williams, the first ever built for religious purposes, was recently wrecked on a reef in the Pacific. She went down in 90 fathoms of water. No lives were lost.

—It is stated that upwards of 700,000 persons enter London every morning on business days, and leave it in the evening; over 800,000 of these are foot passengers.

—Madame Erlanger, daughter of John Eldell, Jeff Davis's representative in Paris, has announced her intention of getting up a bazaar, in the French capital, for the benefit of Southern rebel soldiers, wounded in battle.

—The Persian Gulf telegraph cable has been repaired. The land line is completed from Bushire to Teheran, and messages have come through to Bombay in 12 hours.

—Rat-catching has become a fine art in Paris. One professor has caught 2,500 rats within 18 months. Their skins are used to make "kid" gloves.

—The first lighthouse ever erected within the dominions of the Sultan of Morocco, was lit up, for the first time, on the 15th of Oct. It is at Cape Spartel. The tower is 79 feet high, and the fixed light is visible 20 miles at sea.

—Thirteen pickpockets were recently arrested by the Papal police at Rome; but the intelligent superintendent of a police station to which they were brought released one of them, on the ground that 13 is an unlucky number.

—There are horse railroads at Copenhagen and at the Hague. The latter is connected with Scheveningen by a horse-railway that passes through what is called "a tunnel of green trees."

—Late advices from St. Petersburg notice a scarcity of money there, and the prevalence of a high rate of exchange.

—Rogers, the American sculptor, residing at Rome, has finished a model of a colossal bronze statue for the Soldiers' Monument at Cincinnati. It represents a sentinel, in the United States uniform, in the act of challenging—the musket thrown forward in readiness to repel an attack, and the head following the motion slightly, the eyes peering out from under the brows, as if into obscurity, and the whole figure saying as plainly as statue can say, "Who goes there?" It is a bold, manly, graphic work of art.

—Another American artist at Rome—Mr. Reinhart—has modelled a pair of bronze gates for the Capitol at Washington.

—It is said that there are 60,000 spiritualists in Paris, and that spiritualism has its priests, altars and paraphernalia, as a constituted religion.

### PICTURES.

A silver thread among the hills,  
Gleaming down the hollows:  
A babbling brook among the fells,  
In sunny pools and shallows:  
A broad stream flowing through the plain,  
In the land of the fruitful West:  
A river rolling to the main,  
Bearing navies on its breast:  
And the great broad sea with its thousand shores.

An infant, with a tinkling toy,  
In his mother's bosom fondled:  
A chubby, bright-eyed, radiant boy,  
On his father's proud knees dandled:  
A youth in learning's eager chase,  
While Truth's broad scroll's unfurled:  
A man with anxious, careworn face,  
Bent 'neath the load of the world:  
And Death's great sea with its silent shores.

### PINK RENNIE.

SHE taught school, and he made money. I will not describe their first meeting, or how he noticed a sweet-faced, silent girl at the Bondraires, and during the winter of constant attention on Miss Fanny, talked sometimes with the shy little cousin. It was some time before he knew her name, her real name I mean, for in the Bondraire household she answered, like Randall's own dog, to the name of Pink. Araminta was the absurd cognomen a politic mamma had given her, in vain expectation of a legacy from the aunt from whom she took it.

Fanny Bondraire, who was always making fun of her cousin, called her by the long syllables, and was pleased at the show of sensitiveness, at her teasing tone, on the part of this weak sister, as she called her. All the family laughed at Pink, and quenched her. She was not made to bear ridicule, harsh words, or coldness. She had them all to endure, but could not become hardened.

The Bondraires were kind-hearted people; their principles were respectable, they went to church, gave liberally in charity, but didn't they make up for every concession to Christianity at home!

Mr. Bondraire insisted on variety and elegance of dress in wife and daughter, gave entertainments, lived expensively, and had a rousing brawl with everybody when the bills came in. The whole house would be in an uproar. Miss Fanny banged doors, talked as loudly as her father, and told him

her opinions without the least euphemism. Mrs. Bondraire always took to her room, and had an ill turn. Pink supposed there would be no more parties or operas, no more fine velvet coats and new sets of jewellery. But a day of calm would come, the carriage would arrive loaded with brown paper parcels. The dressmaker would appear, even the awful paterfamilias be called in for his opinion on the newly-finished robe, at which times he was precisely bland and complimentary, and the world would go on until the quarterly period of disturbance. Mrs. Bondraire was a fretter. Her talking was small, fine-voiced, unceasing. She never reached a grand climax like her husband, but was continually approaching it. Fanny was handsome, determined and rowdy—forgive the slang—what else can I say? for that word exactly describes her.

Into this family Pink Rennie was admitted. She was the child of Mr. Bondraire's only sister; poor, or she would not have been there. She had no temper, no independence, was grateful, unreasoning, loving. Such a gentle, downy thing as a man of high intellect often marries, for the mental rest. Pink would never have dared to teach, although she had often cried and longed to do something, had not Fanny herself proposed it as a good way to get money without "such horrid noisy quarrels with pa."

On Pink's eagerly expressed desire, Miss Bondraire declared she would help her, and kept her word. She installed her cousin in one of the fashionable city schools, and fought the necessary battle with the Master and Mistress Bondraire. Pink never forgot Fanny's kindness at this time. Fanny, who was engaged to marry that grand-looking Mr. Randall, and could do so much for her! Pink took a great deal of after-snobbing in a kind of bliss. This grand Mr. Randall had once been a clerk in the house of Bondraire. An inherent rising power had placed him, after a few years, at the head of a concern of his own. He became "good match!" With all his stature and bearing, he was a grave, quiet man, one you would expect to be awkward on occasions, but who was continually surprising you by his self-possession and ease. Fanny Bondraire was at her best before him. She had accepted him without the slightest hesitation. Their courtship was a fashionable one, but progressing smoothly enough, all thought, till one fine day Miss Fanny broke her troth, and married in three weeks from date Alden Court Van Court, who was living on the interest of his money and his fine old name. Mr. Randall took it all comfortably, made the bride a rich present, and came to the Bondraires to spend an evening now and then.

He felt very sorry for poor little Pink. Had a brotherly kind of way that won from the girl her history and her prospects. She by degrees told him everything that had ever happened to her, and all she had ever felt besides. Her little griefs, her greater sorrows he knew perfectly. He taught the sweet, dreary face to flush and brighten at his coming. He took her to ride, gave her advice, lent her books, and told the little ignoramus the proper opinions to entertain. Who he went away on short journeys he always felt like writing to her, and he did so. She became the confidante of his personal affairs. He often asked her advice about the color of his clothes, or the merits of rival styles of hat or collar. He never uttered one word of personal sentimentality. Fanny, married and living over the way, began to berate the girl because no engagement came of this intimacy of over two years. "Bring him up to the point, you goose, or else tell him not to come here any more. It has gone on long enough." She examined her as to the particular phrases he had addressed to her.

"How did he begin his letters? Let me see one."  
Pink could not.  
"Goodness! how particular we are! Go, get the letters. There's no love in 'em, you say. What's the matter now?" for the poor hunted thing began to cry.

Mr. Bondraire found her alone in the sitting-room one day, and gave her what his wife called "a regular set down," whatever that may be. Pink sobbed and trembled so she couldn't utter a sentence. Mr. Bondraire called her a fool, and threatened to call Randall to account, and then went off well pleased with himself. He loved to see a timid nature shrink under his sarcasm, to note the hot grievous drops as they fell. A victory over that half-interpreted thing—a woman's nature—was a stimulus to his mind. Taciturn before, he became suddenly brilliant, quoted school scraps of poetry, made puns and laughed at them.

The idea of being married to Mr. Randall almost took away the girl's breath. What did the Bondraires mean? He had always been kind to her; he had made no professions; he had never told her he liked her even; it was only a fatherly interest he felt in her. She was contented.

Indeed a man of business, without the graces of youth, or its sweet words and honey glances, would not at first be likely to ennoble a girl of seventeen, with all the fauças and longings of seventeen not yet crushed out. She tried to be as kindly and calm as usual to her good friend. Strange to say, nothing of the domestic contests came to Randall's ears. Once only Fanny Court Van Court told him he was keeping lovers from Pink. The next time he saw the little maid—

"Who is it I am keeping away?" he demanded smilingly.

She knew no young men, she answered.  
"Well, when you don't wish to see me any more tell me to go; you know the most distant hint will answer."

So matters went on in the ebb and flow of daily life till the outbreak of the rebellion.

Mr. Randall did not go to Washington at first, he helped off others, and held an open purse; but by-and-bye he seemed to become educated to that point. Pink, who had heard his talk day after

day, and watched its current, with the changing expression of his face, had seen the coming decision.

There was company at the Court Van Courts, a dinner to some officers, and he found a chance to say:

"I am so hurried just now that I find it difficult to command a few leisure moments when you, too, are unoccupied. What hour to-morrow can you walk with me?"

Five o'clock will be best," said she.

"Very well, at five then," and he turned away to talk with General ———, about cavalry.

Pink was ready at the appointed hour, and came down at his ring. As he saw her approach him, looking so frail and gentle, he thought of the weakness of womankind, their faints and hysterics, and determined to tell her there.

"Congratulate me," said he, walking forward, and holding out his hand; "I am a colonel."

She did not speak, but gave him a smile, and a little hand pressure. Then he told her what his duties would be, and promised to bring a book on cavalry tactics for her to look at; and after a pause,

"Can you get ready to be married before I go, Minnie?"

An answer was not ready, nor did he seem to expect one.

"I did not wish to be so sudden, but I go so unexpectedly at last. It is out of the question to leave you here unprotected, I may never come back. It is better to have a quiet wedding, for I do not wish you to be beholden to the Bondraires for any fine outfit or wedding breakfast."

Here he stopped, for he perceived she was trembling and very pale.

"Come out and walk, Minnie; you can think better in the fresh air."

He opened the door, and they went out into the dim chill October twilight. There was little said during the early part of the walk, not until Pink began to recover her color did her lover talk much. During the hour they spent together he told her about his property, and gave her an idea of what she would have to do during his absence. He had made all plain and easy.

"Perry is my man of business, a good, honest, sensible fellow. I have proved, and you may trust him. He will explain everything, and help you whenever it is necessary. Is not this your school?" indicating a large brick edifice with closed blinds.

"Yes. Madame Gras lives here."

"Have you any objections to taking me in to see her?"

Pink had decided objections, being bashful; but she said she would call with him. Madame Gras was very much astonished at the object of Mr. Randall's call. But she admired the dignity and friendliness of his manner. It was impossible to be unflattered by his visit, or now to patronize Pink, who received the ornate French congratulations very prettily. Madame hoped she could witness the ceremony. Mr. Randall said he would send a carriage for her, if she would honor them so far. Then Pink, with a queer feeling of faintness and bliss, heard she was to be married the next afternoon. Then Randall took her home and sent her upstairs to pack her trunks while he told the Bondraires. The next day he came in for a few moments to say all the arrangements were made, and found Pink quite ready. At five o'clock the carriages came, and took them all to church. Pink wore a gray silk, and little gray hat, with a white wing of a dove in it. There was a vesper service at St. Mark's, which Mr. Randall heard through, Pink saying her prayers by his side. As the congregation passed out, they walked to the altar where the priest waited. It was over in a few moments. Mrs. Randall stepped into her own carriage at the church door. The Bondraires went home with them to a family dinner. The house was splendid. Fanny prowled all over it in the course of the evening, making Pink go with her.

"It is perfect," she said, "and I say she has given it all to you. You've made a lucky hit this time. None of us supposed he was so rich. Why didn't you let me into your confidence, you shy thing? To be engaged so long, and then be married at five minutes' notice, and startle everybody!"

Pink did not tell that she was as startled as any one.

In the course of the evening the lawyer came, and in the presence of the Bondraires those matters were settled which constituted Pink mistress of a fortune, and for ever entitled to their respect. Uncle Bondraire, in a white waistcoat, and benevolent manner, felicitated his niece on her prospects.

"Had no idea Randall was such a mighty smart chap."

At last her hero went, and all the fashionable world rolled up in carriages to see the bride. They tried in vain to make her gay that winter. She spent a few weeks in camp with Colonel Randall, but when the army moved on came back to her quiet life. He came back to her once in full health and vigor, and again painfully wounded. Then for the first time they were really together. Mrs. Court Van Court said one day:

"How happy you two look. I believe she is glad you are wounded, Randall."

"I am not very sorry," answered he, with a smile. "The fact is, Fanny, I'm in love with my wife."

Pink blushed beautifully, as she met his eyes. Fanny laughed, declaring she never heard anything so ridiculous in her whole life. But she sighed as she went downstairs to her own grim chosen lord, and snubbed him unmercifully that evening.

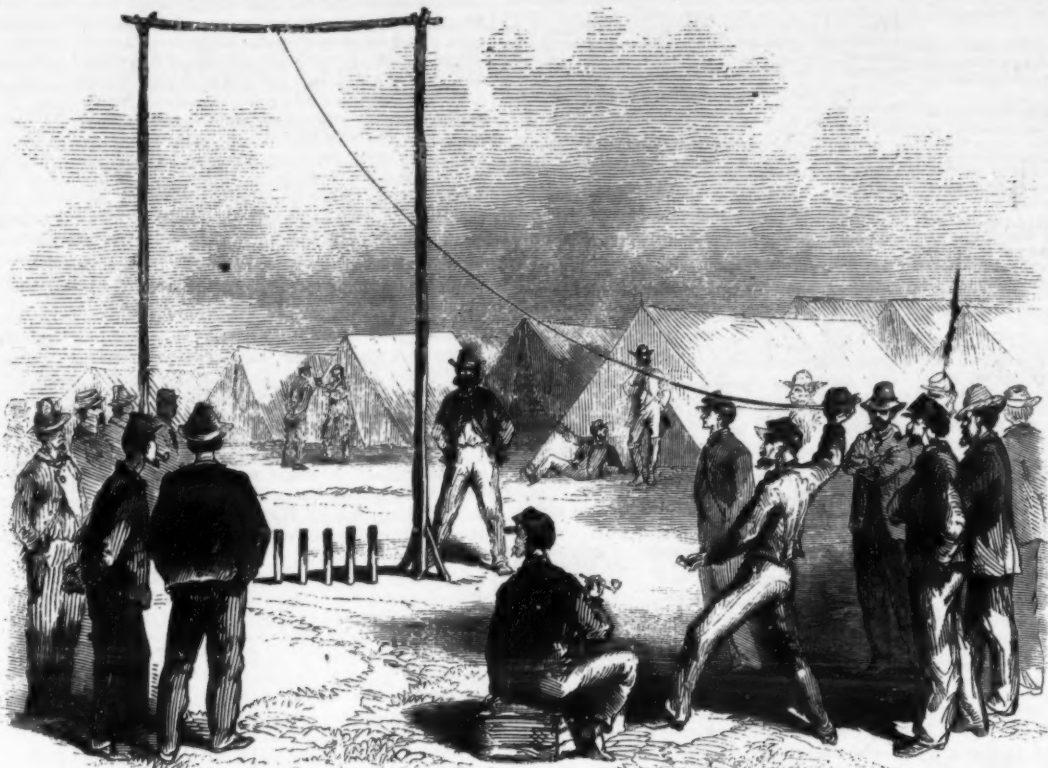
The Boston Transcript says that the New York Herald has put Banks in the cabinet seven times during the last fortnight, and brought Mr. Stanton to the point of death four times within 10 days.



## SCENES IN CAMP LIFE.

We devote a large portion of our space this week to illustrations of the life of our soldiers in camp. These glimpses of adventurous and hardy experience are, we judge, interesting to numerous readers, and especially so to those whose friends are serving the country in her brave armies. Living in peace and comfort at home, all true Americans are mindful of the gallant soldiers who are protecting the nation from the hideous fangs of rebellion. We like to see how they live; and the sketches on this and other pages of the present paper bring home distinctly to our minds the realities of camp life. Looking upon these pictures, the parents, wives and sweethearts of our absent defenders can follow their loved ones on the war trail, and note how they beguile the tedium of camp life, when not engaged in active service. Our scenes in camp before Petersburg are spiritedly drawn from real life, by our special Artist, and they tell their own story. The first represents the soldiers playing at tenpins. Their method is a peculiar one, invented, we believe, by a Western officer, and introduced into the army of the Potomac by the officers brought thither by Gen. Grant. In the absence of a smooth bowling-alley, such as we have at home, the soldiers erect a couple of poles, with a cross-piece, to which is attached a rope with a cannon-ball at the end. The player takes aim at the pins with this ball, and swings it towards the mark.

The next scene represents a tent, wherefrom newspapers are dispensed to eager buyers. We are sorry to hear,



CAMP AMUSEMENTS—SOLDIERS PLAYING AT TENPINS.

by the way, that our soldiers are not thoroughly well supplied with reading. The next scene, representing the process of sorting letters in camp, scarcely requires a comment. We can easily imagine the anxiety, the mingled pleasure and pain, with which our soldiers receive their letters from home. The next sketch depicts the camp well, from which the soldiers are drawing water by means of the old-fashioned well-sweep, so common in country places, and so suggestive of Wadsworth's familiar and much cherished song of "The Old Oaken Bucket." Following this is a representation of the 5th Corps Guard House, near the Weldon railroad, which is used as a lockup for rebel prisoners. Around it are seen the tents of our men, and sentinels on duty. A sketch of several sharpshooters, Pennsylvania Bucktails, comes next in order, in which these skilful and courageous soldiers are advancing to their place in the dangerous picket line. A picture of the interior of a bombproof in Fort Duchane completes the series. Fort Duchane is one of our defences on the line of the Weldon railroad, and in this bombproof our soldiers may smoke, lie at ease, or, as Shakespeare has it, "sleep in spite of thunder." No bombs can penetrate this firm structure of logs and earth.

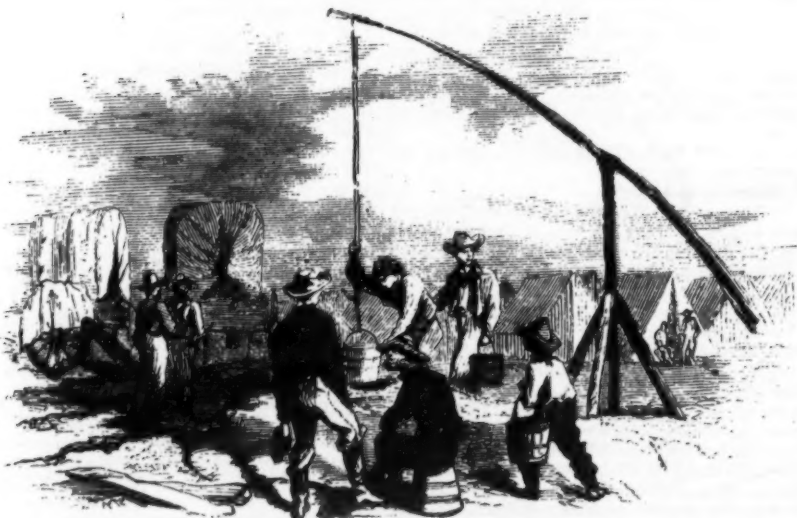
**TOBACCO.**—That a great deal of smoking is done in this world may be inferred from such facts as these. A Brazilian mail-boat lately landed in England 6,000,000 cigars, while an American steamer landed 2,000 bales of unmanufactured tobacco.



A NEWS DEPOT—SOLDIERS BUYING NEWSPAPERS.



SORTING THE MAIL IN CAMP—SOLDIERS RECEIVING THEIR LETTERS.



THE CAMP WELL—SOLDIERS DRAWING WATER

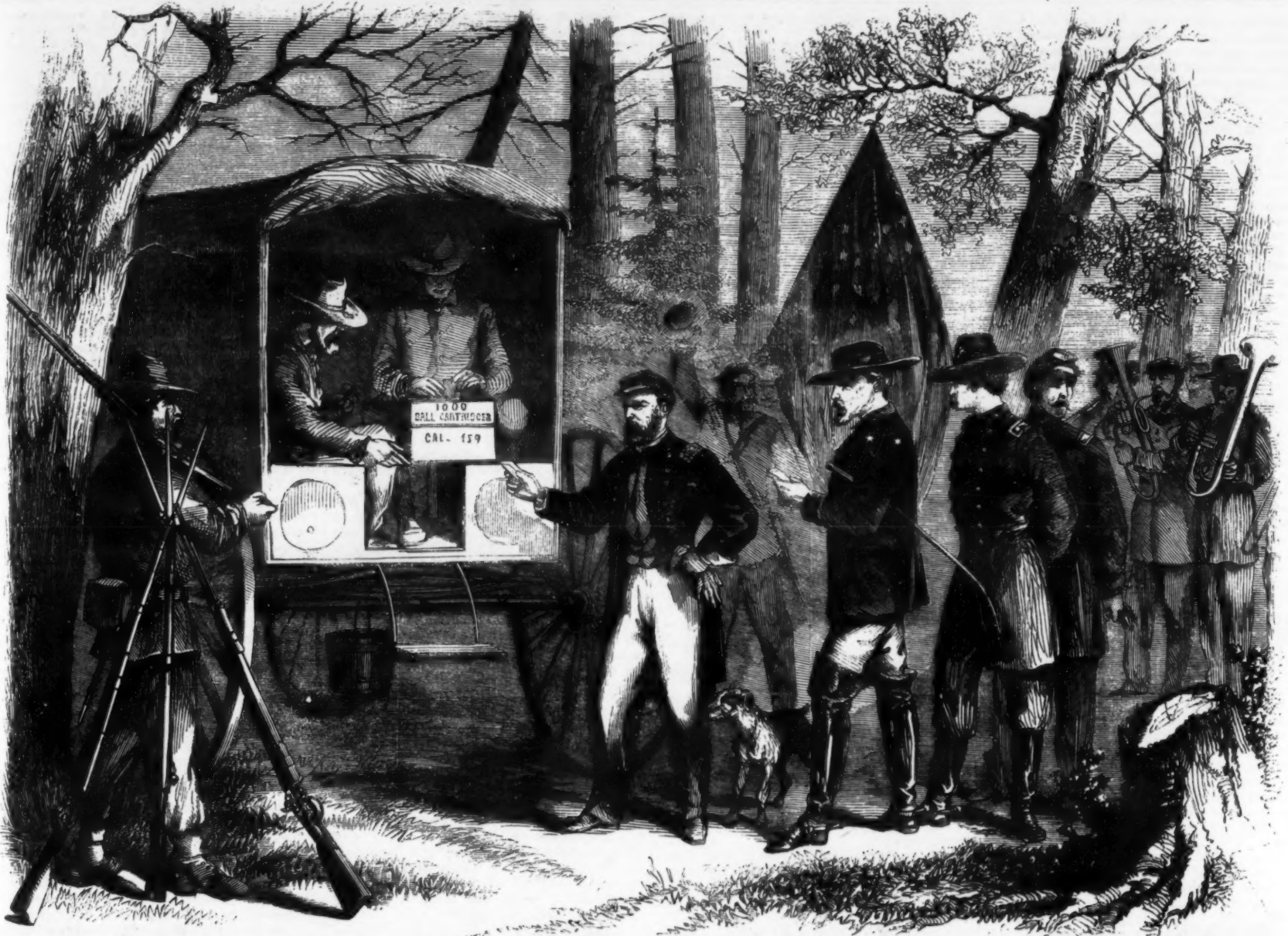


FIFTH CORPS GUARDHOUSE—PLACE OF CONFINEMENT FOR REBEL PRISONERS.

SHARPshooters GOING ON PICKET DUTY.  
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SCENES IN CAMP BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BROOKER.

INTERIOR OF A BOMBPROOF IN FORT DUCHANE, ON LINE OF WELDON RAILROAD.





ELECTION DAY IN THE ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH—SCENE AT THE POLLS—GEN. SHERIDAN, GEN. CROOK, AND OTHER OFFICERS CASTING THEIR VOTES.

## MIST AT MORN.

BY HUGH W. GRIFFITH.

BELTS of woodland circling around,  
Luxuriant masses of green,  
Zone after zone of rolling mist  
Wavering up between.



Zephyrs dancing down through its depths,  
While the sweep of their dresses whirl  
The rolling mist in a thousand  
Eddies of graceful curl.

Like him who dipt in the Lydian stream,  
The morning beams bathe in the mist;  
Like him, turning to molten gold  
The vapory amethyst.

Marshaled in many columns, the mist  
Resists the attack of the sun;  
Down he comes with his golden lances,  
Driving them one by one;

Backward they glide, upward they roll—  
Dissolve in the ambient air;  
The sun is victor—holds the world—  
His beams are everywhere.

Only belts of woodland circling round,  
Luxuriant masses of green,  
Gone are the zones of rolling mist  
That wavered up between.

## "OFF THE STAGE."

BY LESLIE WALTER.

THE Assembly Hall of the town of Riveredge was fitted up as a theatre "for this occasion only," and crowds of the Riveredgians were resorting thither, sure of an evening's entertainment in be-

holding "talents of no common order," as the playbills assured them. By some extraordinary good fortune for them—and for himself, as it afterwards proved—an important member of Mr. Barry's theatrical corps had been taken so seriously ill, in passing through, that it was deemed advisable for the whole troupe to remain over night with their suffering comrade, instead of pro-

ceeding to fulfil their engagement in the city of L—. The enterprising manager first telegraphed to that place, and then set himself to turn the enforced delay to advantage. A little German theatre, long since exploded, had left behind it a quantity of scenery, a few footlights and a big drum, and with these and the local band Mr. Barry fitted up the townhall, and had his



MEPHISTOPHILES AND MARTHA IN THE GARDEN.



HOLIDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

company rehearsing "Faust" before noon on the day of their detention.

"Mr. Meacham" (a thin, red-headed young man), "in the absence of our poor Mr. Arnold—Faust," exclaimed the autocrat; "Mrs. Maclean, Marguerite; Mr. Treverton" (a new recruit), "Mephistopheles; Madame Martha, Miss Vincent. Mr. Maclean will drill the band and arrange the Witches' Sabbath. Afterpiece, "Family Jars;" Liddy, Miss Johnson; Diggory, Mr. Jones—you'll find the rest of the 'cast' on this table. No remonstrance, ladies and gentlemen, if you please—there really is not scenery for anything else," and the "eminent manager" stalked away satisfied, to the discussion of a capital dinner at the Riveredge Hotel, and left his dismayed subalterns to their task.

Mr. Treverton, the new recruit, twisted his moustache carelessly, as his part was handed him by the indefatigable prompter, in pursuance of these orders, and looked indifferently after the retiring figure of the worthy manager and sympathizingly round upon his companions. Mr. Meacham, a meek young person, long since crushed and submissive, was already coming his ride with both hand desperately clenched in his hair. Mrs.



Maclean, a pretty blonde, had flung hers indignantly aside, and was animadverting on her employer's conduct in the severest terms; her energetic husband was sorting a pile of miscellaneous properties and distributing them among a few reluctant assistants. Beyond all this confusion, the dark-blue eyes of Mephistopheles—very handsome eyes they were—turned with an expression of pitying interest to a slender young girl, who sat apart from the rest; her head leaning upon her hand in a weary, drooping way; the nerveless fingers, on her lap, loosely closed upon her part; her thin sallow face shaded by her bonnet, the curtain of thick long lashes hiding her eyes.

As Treverton approached, gently, but with a steady marching step peculiar to him, she looked up, startled, and resumed her natural position and expression. Her gray eyes opened, clear and bright and wide, the light and life came back into her dull features; she smiled, showing a row of pretty glistening teeth, and lifting her graceful head, welcomed him with a ladylike ease of manner, a sparkling animation, widely contrasting with her sad and languid mien a few moments before.

"Do I frighten you already?" he inquired, bending his handsome head towards her. "Is there anything diabolic in my appearance? Do I breathe the blue flames, or smell of sulphur?"

"Not yet," retorted Miss Vincent, composedly settling her dress, but glancing up half archly, half frowningly, as he took a seat by her side—a look changed into involuntary admiration at a nearer view of his clear-cut features and Spanish complexion. She remembered to have seen few finer faces, but she also remembered that to see such was not her business; and Emily Vincent, as the playbills called her, was of those who rule their own spirit, and resolved to steer clear of the rocks in her perilous profession, maintained her self-respect, and that of others, with a strong will, a steady and determined purpose. "Your vicinage might be dangerous without them," she thought, and rose.

Her little black-rosseted slipper fell off as she moved; the foot it was made for had shrunk and altered, sharing the thinness that marred the outlines of her figure, worn with overwork. Treverton pounced upon the pretty toy, and stood up to return it, but apparently changing his mind retained it a moment, twirling it upon his fingers, loth to render it back.

"I wish you would give this to me," he slowly said.

"And go, like Goody Two-shoes, with a boot on the other foot? Oh, no! Mr. Treverton! shoe leather is too dear. Give me back my slipper."

"But why does it drop off?" he asked, uneasily.

"To show that I have a pretty foot, of course; it is an old trick of coquettes. Come, if you please, my shoe!"

"You are no coquette," he said, abruptly; "you are wasting away to a shadow, killing yourself with overwork. They have no mercy on you here, and you will have none on yourself, Emily," he continued, stooping to replace the slipper; "will you let me give you rest?"

Her face flushed hotly in a moment. She turned her haughty little head, like an offended princess, and scathed him with a flash from those gray eyes, compounded of anger and mockery.

"Mr. Treverton, you are doing stage business by daylight, which is in bad taste. Save your raptures for rehearsal, and let me study my part."

She walked away like a queen, and the actor rose, unwearied, unabashed, anxious only and eager to spare her tasks her feeble strength was unequal to perform. Under pretence of assisting the worried Mr. Maclean and his indolent wife, he engaged rooms for them at the hotel, sent up their luggage, bribed a waiter to attend them carefully, and would have given Emily his arm, but for her obstinate refusal, as they walked towards it.

A hasty dinner, a hurried change of dress, all intervening moments being devoted to intense study of a half-forgotten part, a prolonged and exhausting rehearsal; then the play, which all the country flocked to see—and Miss Vincent had lost her indignation in weariness long before it was over.

It was a beautiful moonlit May evening, and the temporary theatre being set up in a large building, containing a set of schoolrooms devoted to the select instruction of young ladies, had also appropriate grounds behind it where the said young ladies were accustomed to disport themselves during the hours of recreation.

The back doors of the assembly-room stood wide open for air, beyond the stage, and Mephistopheles and Madame Martha wandering down the painted arcades of an imaginary garden, to leave Faust and Marguerite *l'été-à-l'été*, suddenly disappeared from the sight of the crowded audience, leaving the heat, the dust, the noise, the glaring lights behind them, to emerge in a moment among the cool green shades of the real one, lying serene in moonlight splendor.

Mr. Treverton found for his fair companion a seat on a rustic bench at the foot of a great tree, and taking a cigar stood near her, smoking out into the clear air, and benignantly watching her as she rested, like a good genius, far more than the evil one he represented. There was a witchery in the hour and the scene that held her mocking tongue dumb, and smoothed the vexed lines of her little thin face, and pale under all its bright disguise of paint and powder. None felt the contrast of those false charms more sharply than she, brought suddenly into contact with the calm beauty of Nature, impressed with its grand simplicity, awed by its solemn calm; and none would so gladly have exchanged the gaudy artificial life for the simple, real and true. The shifting light of her eyes, the fervent change of her mobile features told Treverton all she felt, and thought, and hoped in that brief time.

"Good!" was his cool comment; "you look only your age now."

She turned upon him instantly, all her old haughty self again, watchful and austere.

"What do you say, sir? What is my age?"

"You are two-and-twenty."

"Martha has told you. But that is no reason."

"She has told me nothing. I read it in your face."

"And you dare to say I look older?"

"Much older—there are lines there that never ought to have come till you were a grave woman of forty—wrinkles of care and pain and trouble, sad to see in one so young. Your life has been a hard one, I fear."

"It has," she half sobbed; "heaven knows it has, yet we have done our best, Martha and I, and done no harm to ourselves or to others, but the world will barely let us live. Why are people so cruel and unjust, Mr. Treverton, why is everything so wrong, and why do you bring me out here in the moonlight, which always makes a baby of me, to tell you this? Thank you, you needn't mind," changing her tone from passionate to pettish, as he drew her shawl tenderly about her, and retained for a moment the slight fingers in which he left the floating ends. She put up a slender hand to wipe away the tears that hung on her dark eyelashes, and turned to him again a different creature.

"This is romantic, indeed," she cried, recovering her old mocking tone and sarcastic manner, "and good practice for us who counterfeit romance. Can't you strike an attitude, and go through the garden scene in Romeo? there will be just time before the curtain falls. Listen! how they are applauding! Martha must have done it well. Poor girl, fancy her saying to that little Meacham, 'He loves me—he loves me not—he loves me!' over a turnip blossom! It must require extraordinary energy to support the imagination through that scene!"

"They should have cast it with you for Marguerite—your sister is too languid."

"No, it is best as it is. The character would not suit me, I never play such parts. And Martha is so pretty, she looks so lovely with her rippling flaxen hair!"

"True, the character would not suit you, I should hardly like to see you in it, and Mrs. Maclean is pretty as you say, while you—"

"Am plain, I suppose—don't hesitate to own it."

"Are more than beautiful, sometimes," he warmly rejoined.

"Oh!" said Miss Vincent, coolly, perhaps accustomed to be made love to, with similar assertions, by her fellow-actors. "Then suppose we go in? This scene is superb certainly—better than our stage moon, isn't it? but also a little cold. The prompter's bell will ring in a moment. Are you ready?"

"Let me tell you first—"

"No, no, tell me nothing—let me respect you a little while longer, at least, which I have rather a fancy for doing. Besides, you don't know how tired I get of this sort of thing; all Mr. Barry's *jeunes gens* annoy me in that way at first; pray spare me—save your energies for the boards. Don't fancy," she added, as she rose, and looked half-kindly, half-archly into his downcast countenance, "that you are falling in love with me, Mr. Treverton; or worse, don't do it—and worse still, don't try to persuade me of it. It is all folly, believe me!"

She smiled up in his face, holding out her hand—her magnificent auburn hair had fallen in curling and rippling masses on her fair shoulders, half hidden beneath the stiff muslin of Dame Martha's correct pinner, her eyes glittered, wistfully bright, her lips smiled with a dangerous sweetness, her delicate expressive features glowed vividly in the pale light. It was not difficult to find her beautiful, as Treverton had averred she was, and though his lips were condemned to silence, his eyes confessed it again as he took her hand.

"Let us be friends," said she, frankly, laughing, "and talk of such nonsense no more. You have been very kind to me, Mr. Treverton, since you have been with us; I own I should not like to lose you."

"I had a selfish reason," he responded.

"Very well," she answered, quickly reddening. "Then let us hear no more of it—and now, sir, if you have done with my hand—"

"But I have not," he returned, bending to kiss it. "I wish it were my wife's, then no other man could touch it so, but I."

"Exactly; you would like to play the rôle of the 'Jealous Husband,' and sue Mr. Barry for damages every time a fictitious nobleman brushed the paint from my cheek with his bedraggled plume, or some wretched 'star' pretended to inflict me with a stage embrace! Go! before I learn to laugh at you!"

"That imbecile Morris, who plays the lover—"

"Do you think he ever dared come so near my hand as you have done? Listen! the curtain is rising, will you go?"

So Mephistopheles went back to tempt Faust to his ruin, and Miss Emily Vincent, retiring to her dressing-room, emerged from the relics of Dame Martha a flushed and laughing peasant girl, her auburn ringlets wreathed with roses, her fair arms bare, her bright eyes wide with wonder, as she dawned upon the scene, serene in rustic innocence. Mr. Treverton, for once allowed to be her lover, played his part *con amore*, and having to bear her off in his arms when the curtain dropped, paused only to wrap a shawl about her as he deposited her in the carriage that waited at the side entrance, with Mrs. Maclean on the front seat, asleep.

"That new Mr. Treverton is an acquisition," pronounced she, yawning fearfully, as soon as they were shut in together and driving off. "It would have been dreadful to walk all this way again."

"What do you mean, Martha? Did not Mr. Barry—"

"Never! the stingy old creature! When was he known to care how we got home? No, this is the doing of that dear Mephistopheles—I told him to call to-morrow that we might thank him."

And she had praised the manager's thoughtfulness, as the real door of the kind deed had gently put her in. He had not said a word in answer, she recollected. No wonder! he must have thought her wilfully blind! Miss Vincent had not been too much used to kindness that its novelty should pall upon her mind. Her life had been spent in the service of selfish people, whose exactions had grown familiar; the considerate generosity of her new friend was a novel experience, and affected her with unaccustomed emotions. What care she had hitherto received had been that bestowed upon a useful machine by proprietors who do not wish to risk its loss—the theatrical managers, to whom she hired her time and talent, spared her so many evenings per month, so many months per year, because it was found that beyond a certain tension her powers utterly gave way, and entailed a greater loss than that of a brief vacation. When therefore her languor and fatigue had reached a certain climax, she always expected Mr. Barry's business-like proposal, of a few days' rest and respite, and accepted it with the same cool indifference with which it was offered, went away and returned at the appointed time, and resumed her duties with mechanical fidelity. But tender care, gentle consideration, thoughtful kindness, she had never known.

In the same way, the usual triumphs and trophies of her profession seemed to her but an empty mockery, and as such were put aside with cold disdain. She had entered it because it seemed the sole means of support for herself and her sister that offered at the time, and because the latter bore down all opposition with her superiority and authority, and forced the younger girl to follow the path she was resolved to tread. She had attained in it a certain position, wore a certain distinction, and had no ambition for more. She did not desire to make her fortune by marriage, like so many theatrical "stars," and rejected all matrimonial offers with the same good-natured contempt that marked her refusal of the attentions, the vows, the jewellery and billet-doux lavished upon every pleasing actress in the height of her career; for she did not value the passion inspired by stage illusion, or believe in love that sprang from no deeper motive than the desire to win what other men admired.

Perhaps, too, those whose business it is to deal in the language of the *grande passion* grow utterly careless and indifferent to it by constant use, "contemptuous" by familiarity, according to the proverb—as confectioners are sickened by their store of sweets, and bank-tellers tire of counting golden heaps from sun to sun. Be that as it may, Miss Vincent was utterly incredulous to all the violent and demonstrative forms of that sentiment which she had been accustomed to see, and believed it to be her fate to stand for ever like a wayside statue, cold and unresponsive to her worshippers and their tributes, rather than to be taken, loved and cherished, as the household idol of some good man's home. She did not feel unworthy of such a happy fortune, but she had decided that it was not for her, and disdained all meaner forms of affection—so lonely and chill on her high pedestal, she was more easily moved, perhaps, than we—who are but mortal and dependent always on some fallible human love—by the gentle offices of real devotion. She fell asleep that night with a warmer color glowing on her fading cheeks, and tears hanging half dried upon the heavy lashes that drooped in deadly weariness.

Treverton's attendance at church, like all his actions, was subject to one controlling influence, and on the following morning—being Sunday—he hovered about the Macleans' lodgings, resisting the invitations of half-a-dozen dissentient bells, till a slender little figure that he knew came out alone, and passed quietly down the street. Long practice enabled him to casually join her, at exactly the right time, as she reached a neighboring corner, and with a half apology, keep his station at her side. There was nothing of the tawdry finery of the actress in her costume, everything was simple, fresh and pure, from the little shoe to the neatly fitting gloves, the ladylike dress, the quiet, tasteful bonnet. She held a small prayerbook in her hand, and there was a look of Sabbath peace and rest upon her pale face, pleasant to see, instead of the harassed, weary look it usually wore. But Treverton saw with tender pity how languid was her step, how colorless were her lips, how lifeless was the smile that lit her mouth and eyes with such animating light and sweetness, when she would. He walked silently on beside her, wrapt in deep reflection, and unconscious that those beautiful sad eyes were reviewing him keenly during his soldier-like march, noting with secret satisfaction the calm, gentlemanly elegance of his appearance, so different from her experience of his usually careless and slovenly class; amazed to wonder, at a time devoted to more serious thoughts, what scorching climate burnt his clear cheek so brown, what earlier profession gave that military grace to his handsome figure.

They knelt side by side during the service, and read from the same book, but when the communion prayers were over, and one by one the occupants of neighboring seats arose and glided forward to the altar, Emily drew apart with bowed head and drooping form, her whole frame shaken by acute distress. With the delicate instinct of affection her companion felt the cause of her sorrow, and realised that, fresh from the garish scenes of the evening before, she felt herself unfit to approach the table from which so many—perhaps less worthy—were coming satisfied away. A kind hand touched her gently, holding beneath her bent face, over which tears were slowly stealing, the lesson for the day, the parable of the Publican and Pharisee, simple words that touched her heart with a sweet assurance of comfort, for which she

thanked the generous giver. Yet Treverton was not a good man, judged by a rigid standard, nor particularly a wise one, not over-accomplished, nor ultra-refined, never remarkable for sentiment or sensibility, but possessing a secret charm that tuned his mind and heart to sympathy with those of this sensitive, suffering woman in that rare feeling—a devoted and unselfish attachment, a true and tender love.

By Monday the brisk manager had received an answer to his dispatch, from the lessee of the theatre in L——; there was no need of their presence for more than a week to come. The painters and decorators had been unavoidably delayed, and some days would yet elapse before it was fit for occupation. Mr. Barry, therefore, proposed to spend the interval in giving the River-edge population a taste of the moral drama, as performed by his unrivalled troupe, and with this view had re-engaged the townhall and the German band, and issued a legion of posters in many colors, which announced these facts to all concerned, together with the performance for the coming evening. At its conclusion, overtaxed and overworn, and obliged to play a difficult part, which Mrs. Maclean had positively refused to undertake, Emily Vincent quietly fainted away in the greenroom, wholly unnoticed by her brother and sister, who were taking a congratulatory glass of wine with the manager, and was found there looking like a pallid ghost in the moonlight, half an hour later, by the anxious Treverton.

He took her home. There was something like a grateful look in her little cyma-pale face when they parted, and seeing her safe and comfortable in her sister's charge, returned to a private interview with the landlord and manager, in which I know not what powerful bribes were used, what secret influences at work, but only that he had galloped miles on a hired horse before the sisters rose next morning, and was applying for admission at Mr. Maclean's door before his wife had finished her late breakfast.

Their little parlor was already made neat by Martha's nursery-maid, and Emily Vincent lay smiling from her sofa at her baby niece. She looked sallow and sickly, and pale and plain, her eyes were dull and heavy, her cheeks thin and hollow, there was nothing, it seemed, of brilliancy or beauty left to win a lover's heart. But Treverton read a cruel resolute patience in her face, that flushed his own with deep and warm emotion, and filled his eyes with tears. Disregarding the hour of rehearsal now fast approaching, he invited the ladies to accompany him for a short drive, and Mr. Maclean feebly explained to his wife how the manager had given them a week's holiday without forfeiture of salary, which they were to spend in the country if they pleased.

A glass of fragrant flowers, pure white, relieved by delicate sprays of green, white lilacs, white violets, white roses, stood near Miss Vincent, and her fingers wandered caressingly over the perfumed petals, while she thanked Treverton rather coldly and languidly for his invitation.

"You love flowers?" he inquired, stiffly seating himself.

"She ought," cried Mrs. Maclean, across the room, "she gets these beautiful bouquets every day, and has for more than a year past, from some mysterious admirer; I don't think he has missed a morning. Always white and so prettily arranged, of materials varying with the season. Has he not exquisite taste?"

"I confess to you that I don't know," he indifferently answered. "I suppose the florists understand those things; for myself I have little experience; I am glad, however, that they please your sister."

But Emily's large eyes lifted to his face had caught his first guilty glance and flush at the sudden question, and interpreted its meaning. She rose quickly, coloring a little, and went thoughtfully and quietly about her preparations for the trip, not seeming to realize that she was to have a holiday—holidays had been hitherto but empty observances to her. It was not until they had driven several miles that the sweet May wind fanned a faint glow into her face, kindled a brighter lustre in her eyes. Her companion was kind and attentive, but he did not disturb the reverie or stupor into which she had fallen, till her own morbid fancies found expression in speech.

They were passing the western boundary of a pretty suburban village, a green graveyard sloping to the banks of a clear little river that hurried swiftly by. Tall trees of an old and noble growth shaded the whole, weeping willows embraced the higher monuments, the humbler mounds were gay with groups of flowers. It was a beautiful, quiet place, suggesting thoughts as sad and sweet if less elaborate than Gray's. On an arch above the great gates was the inscription;

"Yes," said the Spirit, "for they rest from their labors."

Emily pointed to it with a sigh. "See!" said she, "they rest."

"No doubt they had their trials and troubles in their day," he answered.

"But they did not burn in such consuming fires as those in which we waste away. Avarice and ambition, the poor pride in the world's applause, the ignoble fear of its forgetfulness or indifference; the sordid strife for daily bread to satisfy the body, while the mind and heart starve ungratified for what is nearly as essential to living; discontent and weariness, and rebellion, and deadly self-contempt for life so spent; surely the dwellers in that peaceful place, looking forward to such a goal as this, could have found and needed no oblivion so sweet as ours would be beneath those trees!"

"My dear Miss Vincent," said Treverton, cheerfully, "you are falling into a common mistake, and making an Arcadia of this little country place, whose inhabitants, I doubt, are no better than we. Sons of Adam, daughters of Eve, how should they be exempt from the struggle and suffering that form the common lot of humanity? Believe



me, we are wrong in overvaluing the merits of their simple existence and depreciating our own richer and fuller one, for which we should be content to pay the forfeiture. What does Mrs. Brown say?

"For my large joy of sight and touch,  
Beyond what others count as such,  
I am content to suffer much."

"And I think many of our pains and penalties are self-incurred, like some of our privations."

His look, full of meaning, dwelt upon her, but Emily would not meet it.

"I am glad you quote English at least," said she sarcastically—"if you must be poetical. Mr. Morris stuns me with Virgil and Homer."

"Latin is not my forte, and English very much my mother-tongue. What! because I preserved the integrity of my aspirates, and forbore to sneer at your peculiar institutions, you thought my nationality was the same as your own? 'But I love my ain, ain cuntry best,' though my tastes and ideas have grown cosmopolitan in the course of a long exile knocking about the globe, yet even in this noble New World of yours I miss her beauties and her defects. I miss her fogs and her follies, her titles and her taxes, her suicidal November, her London May. I miss the stately homes of England as I remember them, and as I wish I could describe them to you. Groves more green, trees more vast, more spreading and more shadowy; parks of rich herbage, cropped by deer with spotted fawns kneeling beside them; the woods of many centuries' growth; rich pastures, where the bonny brown cows feed knee-deep in blossoming clover; lawns of living vivid emerald, of three-piled velvet, dotted with clumps of luxuriant shrubbery on a cushion of turf such as our humid soil, our shaded skies alone could nurse and rear; trim fields kept like gardens, and tidy hedgerows bordered with short sweet grass, and gay with a hundred wild flowers. In the midst of such a landscape as this, imagine the antique mansion house, its heavy gables and tall chimney-stacks peeping from among ancestral oaks; its windows deep sunken in the stone; its battlemented roofs, its doors bound and barred with iron, old relics of a warlike time gone by. Such a home as this was my earliest recollection—and I hope will be my last—it forms, as you may suppose, my dream of Arcadia in suitable society, but I despair of describing it to you, and here we are arrived. This will be yours, I hope, for a week at least—may it be a happy one!"

The different incidents of the day had somewhat affected Miss Vincent's usual manner of cold composure to her fellow-actor, and she thanked him with a brilliant blush, a yet more brilliant smile, as she eagerly sprang out of the carriage to join the Maclean party, who were proceeding up the gravel walk, with many expressions of surprise and delight. A kind matronly woman met them at the door, and invited them to a table spread with hospitable profusion, while she welcomed them to her pleasant home. An afternoon and evening of quiet holiday happiness followed, and Emily laid her weary head upon the homely pillow with tears of deep thankfulness and emotion.

I speak next of ten days later, the last on which the party lingered in the Eden they had found. To describe this is to describe all, except for its decisive ending.

The scene was pretty, as most rural scenes are apt to be in summer, their season of bloom and grace. The old house—every inch of its gray walls contended for by a wilderness of luxuriant creepers—rose, honeysuckle, woodbine, and virgin's bower, that climbed to the very chimneys, and forced off the warped shingles with the closeness of their tight embrace—stood back from the road in an orchard of fine old apple trees, now in blossom, whose base was green velvet turf, and gay with white and red clover. The air was further perfumed by an avenue of tall lilacs which lined the pathway, and nodded their purple clusters slowly in the sweet May wind. An old-fashioned kitchen garden, a red barn, its roof leant by a flock of cooing doves, and twittering martins; a towering well-sweep, swinging with a lazy creaking to and fro, a hayfield and a thick green hedge bounded their view, and filled their narrow horizon. Above all these objects, animate and inanimate, reigned a soft repose, a blissful calm, a quiet sense of rest and gladness, inexpressibly soothing to weary brains and aching nerves, that gave all care to the idle breeze, and were cheered and brightened by the warm spring sunshine. To such the rustic farmhouse became a haven of happiness, a paradise of peace.

Mr. Treverton was leaning against the sturdy brown trunk of an orchard tree, his coat powdered with the pink petals it showered down at every motion of his tall figure, and his black curls crowned by the circle of pale blossoms among which they rested. His brows were unlined, his dark features irradiated with a genial glow, his blue eyes laughing, as he watched the frolics of Martha's petted two-year old baby, that tumbled on the turf at his feet; so seemed to breathe an atmosphere of content and happiness, as he leisurely smoked his cigar. At a little distance, Emily Vincent, in a dark French calico morning dress and deep white sunbonnet, enthroned on the grassy knoll formed by the roots of a companion tree, was regarding her infant charge with more anxiety and less satisfaction. Mrs. Maclean's temper was proverbially uncertain, no one could prophesy whether she would be delighted with her darling's improved health and spirits, or if she would scold its temporary guardian for the staining and soiling of the white dress, or the frolics already visible on the fair round arms. The young man was a little troubled by these reflections; she glanced wistfully at Treverton, whose hearty mirth and sympathy were encouraging the infant revel. Surely, no novice standing on the threshold of a difficult profession ever had as free and careless a mind, so easy a confidence, before! It was not like her own experience, she thought, and sighed.

Treverton's eyes, chancing to turn upon her, as was often the case with them now, met this look, and half interpreted it. It was time to speak. A week of absolute repose and rest had done much towards filling the wasted outlines of her form, and restoring the lost youth of her face—if ever Emily Vincent possessed a claim to the epithet pretty, it was now. A brief taste of happiness such as other girls of her age hold as their birthright and claim as their heritage and portion, had smoothed the lines of pain and weariness from her forehead, charmed away the anxious careworn look from her beautiful eyes. Sweet peace descended upon her heart, gentle influences hovered about her steps, not for years had she known such a season of perfect and permitted idleness—always in those intervals they called recreation, and devoted to the duty of recruiting, the nominal seeking after health, there was some pressure of anxiety, the ceaseless prompting of ambition or necessity to study—care for the present, the burden of the future, the thought of the past, upon her mind, that left it never free.

Now, it was wholly unembarrassed and happy; life flowed on like a gentle river, bright, but quiet; she would have been contented thus to linger, thus to dream, for ever. The struggles, the ambitions, the poor rewards, the harassing toil of her profession, ceased to be remembered; they had slipped from heart and brain like fetters from the limbs of a prisoner, leaving indeed the rust and scar of the chains behind, but in those very tokens a sweet assurance of freedom. She woke now in the morning to hear the little birds singing above her head, gaily and joyfully—could almost have joined them in the fulness of her heart—woke early, that she might not lose a moment of the brief delightful day; watched with wonder the rosy streaks brighten in the east; the gradual awakening of nature; the light veil of vapor rising below; the gilded procession of clouds hurrying above, to join the glorious pageant of the sunrise. Restless as a spirit, she was up and away before the dew was dried, haunting the garden, the field, the wood, the unromantic precincts of the barn; gathering eggs among the hay; breathing the breath of the cows; trying in vain to coax the milk from the ruminating matrons with those statuesque hands that were the delight of her admirers; picking wet flowers, and trampling over high grass; coming into the early breakfast with her hair uncurled; her dress in damp confusion, and an appetite that shocked the dainty Martha, and would have shocked the said fastidious admirers, but with a life in her eyes, a color in her face, that met a brotherly look of interest and approbation from Mr. Treverton, who often shared the rambles, and always encouraged the appetite. Walks, rides and drives, in the same genial and gentle companionship, intervals of undisturbed rest, or free and friendly conversation, in which all professional topics were adroitly avoided, occupied the day and evening; and the young actress could hardly believe that ten such had passed since the weary night she had fainted from fatigue during the performance in R—, or that the full life of heart and mind in which she so rejoiced had lasted no longer.

Surrounded by such sweet influences, she had forgotten the heavy task to which she must soon return, and the first remembrance of it revived in the look and sigh with which she turned to her companion.

Treverton smiled as he met her wistful glance. "This is surely Eden," said he, throwing away his half-smoked cigar, "and I have a mind to believe it also Paradise. How should I do for Adam, or the serpent?"

Miss Vincent laughed; she had learned to laugh in those ten days; the languor was gone from her eyes; the nervous quiver of pain from her lip; she looked up at him frankly, the deep cambric bonnet falling back from her sun-brightened hair.

"I dare say you would do very well, but I have no fancy for such primitive banquets as Eve's must have been, in spite of Milton's praises of her cookery. I feel more faith in Mrs. Maclean's dinners, and can acquiesce in the fall, if so we get broiled chickens."

"Gourmand!" said Treverton, looking at her fond and proud satisfaction; "you are growing positively gluttonous; no wonder your cheeks are redder. I hope you will admit that my experiment is successful?"

"Only too successful," sighed Emily, giving her little niece to the nursery-maid who came to seek her. "I have learned to be idle and selfish, and I fear it will be hard to forget it. I believe my mind does not belong to the class that can receive happiness healthfully; what only elevates and cheers others overrears and unnerves mine, and unfit it for the tasks and duties to which it must return. I am like Beesie, who struggles and rebels, in her small way, against the fate that compels her to leave this pleasant spot, and is borne off contending, in the victorious arms of a stronger than herself."

"You do your mind injustice," returned Treverton; "it has been too long depressed, and cannot easily rally. You have had but a brief experience of this quiet place. A month more and you would weary of its monotonous peace and sigh for your lost excitement and enforced occupations."

"I do not think so," she replied, "and I believed that you understood my character better. The profession I follow was never my own choice; I have found in it more pain than pleasure. Were I sure of the greatest triumphs it can offer, I would say the same. What can compensate to a woman for the publicity it gives, the criticism it incurs, the sacred sanctity of private life of which it robs her?"

"You wish, then, for a home?"

"I wish for it? Yes—the desire of the moth for the star; but I shall never have one—have never had one since I was thirteen. I envy these pretty ladylike women we meet in our drives and walks, going happily about their household affairs,

and occupied in care for others. I might have been such had my poor father lived. I have done my best not to be unworthy of him, yet I know he would rather have had me like them, a quiet girl at home, than the most successful actress on the stage, and he would be right."

"You would hide your beauty and genius, and exchange with the commonplace matrons who come to the Riverside Theatre, leaning on their husbands' arms? I thought you were fond of self-sacrifice, but hardly to this extent."

"I cannot believe that you are laughing at me, and yet I know I have neither. Surely you do not think I estimate our petty triumphs or ephemeral homage so fully? I was taught in childhood, when our minds are most apt to receive impressions, to care for other and far better things. To try to 'do my duty in that station of life to which it has pleased God to call me' is my chief care and effort now."

Mr. Treverton had drawn nearer, his countenance and manner grown more grave and serious, his very voice was changed, and sweeter when he spoke:

"Let me offer you this home and fortune."

Miss Vincent stiffened instantly.

"You misunderstand me, sir," she haughtily began, and rose, as if about to pass him.

He waved her back with a gesture that commanded silence, and she instinctively obeyed him and returned to her seat, seeing in his resolute face that the moment was come when he must be heard for good or evil. Her heart was soft with gratitude for all his kindness, but her determination was not the less stern. A married "star," plodding the dull round of her profession, like poor Martha, she would never be; her life was devoted to higher aims and objects.

"Ella—I must call you Ella—I know your real name, and I cannot endure to use that by which you are known to so many."

"I don't see that this is much better," Miss Vincent interrupted, bitterly; "I told Martha it would soon be no longer my secret if she persisted in calling me by it."

"I did not learn this from your sister," he answered, "I heard it as part of a heroic history, the story of a young girl born to wealth and refinement, but left, through the fault of others, orphaned and penniless, when little more than a child. Compelled, by the determined example and advice of an elder sister, to follow a distasteful profession, she so dignified and honored it that her stainless reputation, sustaining both, passed through the fiery ordeal of public criticism unscathed, while all the earnings her modest triumphs won were devoted to clearing her father's name from reproach, by paying the debts he left, her sister, encumbered with a family, not being able to assist in this noble undertaking."

Treverton stopped and looked earnestly at Emily. Her eyes were darkened and brightened by tears that she would not permit to fall, but her head was drooped, and her face still averted from him. Changing once more both his tone and his attitude, he went on, hurriedly:

"I have now to tell you of another person, very different from the last, a reckless roving young Englishman, who wandered to this country, after visiting many others, two years ago, with little faith in men or women, especially of your profession, of which he had seen something. At the first theatre he entered he saw the lady of whom I spoke, and being interested and attracted by her, was more than glad to gather this little history from one who had cause to know her well and deeply, a poor creditor of her deceased father, whom she had repaid. Having had the misfortune to be of good birth, in a position that exposed him to temptations, which his education and character had not fitted him to resist, this Englishman had been, like many others, a spendthrift and a vagabond, wasted his substance in riotous living, went into the army, fought more or less in India and the Crimea, sold out his commission on the return of peace, and travelled, not expensively, on the proceeds, waiting till a distant relative, who enjoyed an entailed estate, should die and put him in possession. Under these circumstances he could do little for the lady, and that he did. I think she has never lacked a white bouquet—it was his fancy to offer her only such, and that they became her; roses, camellias, daisies, there was always something in bloom—every day in those two years. This was silly, sentimental, you will say, and of no great use to her. Neither was buying a hatful of tickets at her benefit—a common, boyish folly—for that is but another name for a manager's profits, or the securing her new engagements and better terms—for those her merits should have received in any event; but what he did do—said Treverton, turning his blue eyes on Emily Vincent, and blushing scarlet, "and when you hear me repeat his claims to her interest, trivial as they are, of which I am ashamed, like a special pleader, you will know that the case is desperate—what he did do was to turn lawyer, at which the blood of the Baynes (for he like you he had a sort of pride in concealing his name in some associations) greatly revolted. He hunted up some Western lands in which the lady's father had sunk money twenty years before, and afterwards abandoned them as valueless, and persuaded the chief and last creditor, a regular shlylock, to take them as full payment for his claim. The lands are rising now, so that nobody is hurt. And all this, which I say again, I am ashamed to recapitulate," cried Treverton, with burning cheeks and thrilling voice, "is only to prove his interest in her, and does not in debt her to him in the least. To drop all metaphor, I am John Treverton Baynes, my uncle has died at last, and I am master of Bayne Oaks, not a large estate, but a place we might be very happy in, and I ask you, Ella Warren, to let it be your home."

"You ask me what?" said Emily, looking in his honest eyes.

"To be my wife and my love, to make my home your own and make it happy," he promptly answered, not without trepidation.

Miss Vincent had probably seen too much fictitious love-making to enjoy the real, or had, perhaps, simulated the passion so often that she despised its usual forms. She only stretched a pretty hand to her lover, which he hastily and gratefully took.

"I trust you," she quietly said, "and I will try to thank you."

But the hand trembled and the voice shook, and no actress "well up in her part" would have deemed herself justified in displaying such unbecoming emotion as that which rained in heavy drops from her beautiful eyes, quivered on the small firm mouth, and flashed in and out with quick impulsive blushes on her pale cheeks. But she had withdrawn into the depths of the great white sunbonnet, and, unaware of the pantomime going on within, Treverton was obliged to be contented with the gracious token of approval vouchsafed him so coolly without, and expressed himself satisfied.

"You consent, then," said he, modestly and honestly exultant, "to go with me to England, and leave this life and all its associations behind. I have been a sad scamp, but I will be a better husband and try not to let you regret it; I hope the home and heart you accept may be all you deserve. Whenever you are ready we will sail, and as soon as you will permit me I will tell the manager that your holiday is but begun, and that you have left his company and are for ever 'off the stage.'"

To his surprise, she stooped and kissed his hand.

### AN EXPLICIT LUNATIC.

A VISITOR to an English lunatic asylum thus describes an interview with one of its inmates:

As the doctor spoke, the man advanced towards us with an insolent, defiant look, but without a trace of insanity. When he was sufficiently close to speak, he asked me if I was in the magistracy, and I informed him I was not.

"Are you connected with Government, sir?"

"No, not in any way."

"Are you acquainted with any one that is? If you are, pray stand my friend, for I am treated here in the most infamous manner. I am no more mad, sir, than you are, and yet the doctor, for his own profit, keeps me here."

"But you know," says the doctor, "that you are a prisoner, and I have no voice in the matter. The Government sent you here, and without their orders you know perfectly well I cannot release you."

"But you know," said the man, "that if you only told the truth, and said I was not mad, I should be allowed to go at once."

"Not at all; you would only be sent to some prison. Besides, you have applied to the Commissioners, and they refuse to interfere in your behalf."

"Because they go snatches with you, I believe," said the convict.

"Well, then, this gentleman," said the doctor, "is a stranger to me, and is connected with the law, and can doubtless bring forward your case if he thinks proper."

"It would be a charity if you would, sir, for you may imagine what a terrible thing it is for a sane man to pass his life with the horrible madmen you see here."

"Tell the gentleman your own case," said the doctor, "and then he can judge for himself."

"I will tell you everything, sir," he said, "and as true as the Gospel; for I am not at all afraid of letting my case be known. I was formerly a respectable tradesman in the north of England. One day a taxgatherer called on me and said he had a claim against me for 12s. I asked him what for. He said I had been keeping a dog which I had made no return of, and for the matter of that it was perfectly true."

"Well, then," said he, "you must pay the tax for it."

"I shall do nothing of the kind; no man ought to pay a tax for keeping a dog."

"Now, be reasonable," he said, "and pay it for you can; if you don't I must summon you, and I do not want to do that to you or any man."

"Take my advice," said I, "and don't try it."

"I must," said he, and he left me."

A few days afterwards he called with the summons, and I took up a knife and killed him."

"You did a very infamous action, then," I answered, astonished at the fellow's recital. "A short time since a man was hung for killing a broker who seized his goods for rent, and I do not see much difference between his case and yours."

"And he really deserved it," said the maniac; "but my summons was for a dog."

"No matter; you are bound to pay the tax for a dog as well as a house," I replied, totally forgetting I was reasoning with a maniac.

"Is that really your opinion?" he said, getting greatly excited.

"Certainly!"

"Very well, I shall know you whenever I see you again, and if ever I get from here I will rip you up as I did the taxgatherer."

I devoutly hoped, as I turned from him, that it would be some time before he left the asylum.

### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

FAT Mr. Banting, whose pamphlet on the art of reducing corpulence has been so widely circulated, is said to be a walking paradox, because he has achieved greatness by growing less.

The lap of luxury is typified by a cat enjoying her milk.

WHAT THE LOYAL NORTH CAROLINIANS PRAY FOR.—Their Vance and our advance.

A EUROPEAN paper, describing the ascent of Nadar's balloon, said that a hundred thousand hearts were beating as they witnessed it; a hundred thousand eyes were watching the movements of the balloon! What a curious coincidence, says a critical joker, that there should have been so many one-eyed people present at once!

An able physiologist has written that one-fifth of the human body is composed of phosphorus. Much remarks that this most likely accounts for the number of matches made.

An Irish savant claims originality for his country, and spells it O'Riginality.

"FAST" AND "SLOW" WRITERS.—Swift and Crabbe.

A DUTCHMAN lately attended Court in New York, to get excused from the jury-box.

"I can't understand good English," he said.

"What did he say?" asked the judge.

"I can't understand good English," repeated the Dutchman.

"Take your seat," cried the judge, "that's no excuse; you need not be alarmed, as you are not likely to hear any."

A HUSBAND telegraphed to his wife: "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer was, "Buckwheat cakes and the measles!"

Few people are aware how difficult it is to speak with either precision or grammar. Thus the New York Herald, on a recent occasion, announces the arrest of a woman, in the streets of Boston, and adds: "Nothing was found on her person but a letter and the photograph of a young man." Such a costume is certainly more appropriate to Paradise than to the Moon of the Universe.





SCENE AT BAKER'S BAKERY, BATTERY BARRACKS, N. Y.—PREPARING POULTRY TO BE COOKED FOR SOLDIERS' THANKSGIVING DINNER.

### THE GRAND THANKSGIVING DINNER To our Sailors and Soldiers.

It was a happy thought that has prompted this and other communities, at this Thanksgiving season, to testify, by substantial bounty, its kindly remembrance of our sailors in the navy and our soldiers in the field. The credit of originating the scheme rests, we believe, with Mr. George W. Blunt, a gentleman of sterling and tireless patriotism and public-spirited activity. It was first proposed at the Union League Club, in this city, a committee of which association then made an appeal to the public for contributions of cooked poultry and other suitable meats, as well as fruit and mince-pies, to furnish our gallant soldiers and sailors with a good Thanksgiving Dinner. That appeal has been responded to, in every direction, with the most bountiful liberality. Turkeys, geese and chickens have been sent in by thousands. Many per-

sons and corporations have contributed money. The banks of New York have given \$7,750. The contributions from private individuals largely exceed this amount. The money thus obtained has been employed, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, in the purchase of poultry and other food. In this manner a splendid banquet has been insured to our defenders on shipboard and in camp. Upwards of 35,000 turkeys, from this city alone, constitute a single item in their magnificent feast. We can fancy with what delight they will welcome this startling variety in diet, their customary food being salt pork and hard tack, alternating with hard tack and salt pork, now and then relieved by a little fresh beef. A large sketch, on page 169, represents a party of our soldiers at their Thanksgiving Dinner. Our Artist has happily preserved the tone of mingled sentiment and jollity that naturally characterizes such an occasion. One fancies how memories of home will mingle, in every soldier's mind, with a sense of present pleasure in the gift of kind and thoughtful friends. As he sits down to his Thanksgiving Dinner he will be grateful, most of all, that he is truly

remembered in our peaceful homes, in the familiar places that he loves, and to which it is possible that he may never return. Our other sketches relative to this subject illustrate the progress of the movement which has wrought such pleasant results. All the contributions of uncooked poultry have been cooked, in the best manner, by volunteer bakers. One thousand turkeys and geese were baked by the Messrs. Delmonico. A sketch on our first page represents the process of packing these cooked fowls in a cool cellar, at their famous restaurant on the corner of Broadway and Chambers street, preparatory to shipping them to their destination. The sketch immediately beneath this represents the principal receiving and distributing depot, at No. 24 Trinity place, in this city, superintended by Mr. G. W. Blunt. The scene at this place was extremely lively for several days. Contributions of all sorts were received here, and for many hours each day the street was thronged with drays, carts, express wagons, wheelbarrows and messengers with baskets, all laden with fowls and meats and other agreeable viands. On page 168 we present two sketches, showing how the

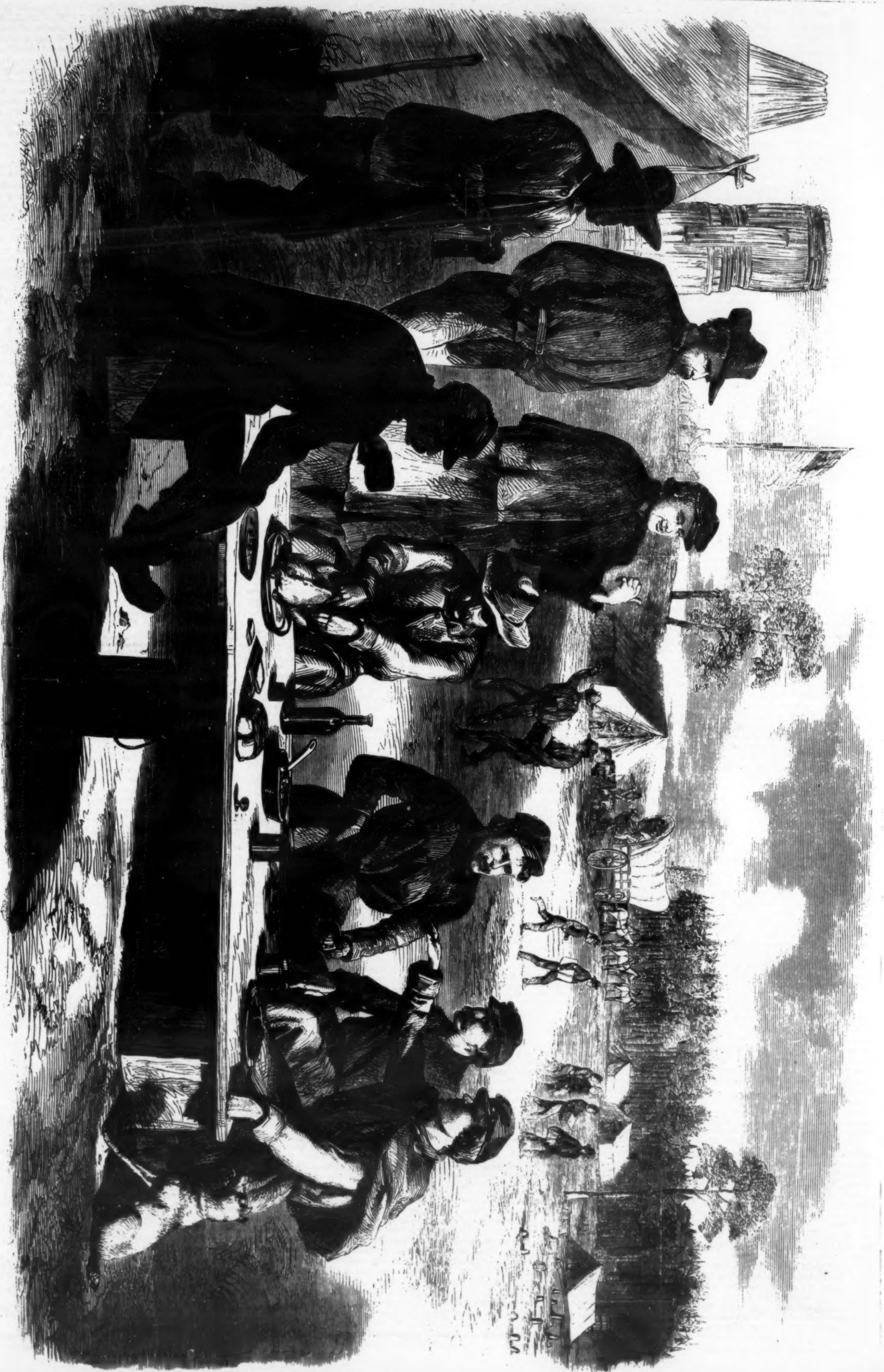
turkeys were cooked. The upper one depicts a scene at Mr. S. O. Baker's bakery, at the Battery Barracks. Here all the poultry was prepared for cooking, and here it was finally packed and marked for its voyage to the sailors and soldiers. Upwards of 1,500 turkeys also were baked in this establishment. The whole work was superintended by Capt. Hicks, Commandant of the Port, who appears in our sketch, standing nearest to the workmen. The fat gentleman next him is Mr. S. O. Baker, the proprietor of the Bakery. The sketch immediately beneath depicts a kindred scene at the Bakery of Mr. Steele, No. 111 Cherry street. Here upwards of 2,000 turkeys were baked. Great credit is due to all who have participated in this kindly scheme. It was prompted by warm friendship for those who are bearing our flag on land and sea, and it has been executed in a spirit of genuine patriotic enterprise. With its gift the country sends a hearty greeting to the Army and the Navy, thanking the Great Master of all for the blessings it enjoys, in the peace and plenty that prevail at home and in the victory which he has vouchsafed to the victorious arms of the Republic.



SCENE AT STEELE'S BAKERY, NO. 111 CHERRY STREET, N. Y.—PROCESS OF COOKING 2,000 TURKEYS FOR SOLDIERS' THANKSGIVING DINNER.



THE SOLDIERS' THANKSGIVING DINNER IN CAMP.





## THE LOVER'S TRYST.

BY LORD HOUGHTON (R. M. MILNES).

I.  
I WANDERED by the brookside,  
I wandered by the mill;  
I could not hear the brook flow,  
The noisy wheel was still;  
There was no burr of grasshopper,  
No chirp of any bird,  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

II.  
I sat beneath the elm tree,  
I watched the long, long shade,  
And as it grew still longer,  
I did not feel afraid;  
For I listened for a footfall,  
I listened for a word—  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

III.  
He came not—no, he came not—  
The night came on alone;  
The little stars sat one by one,  
Each on his golden throne;  
The evening air passed by my cheek,  
The leaves above were stirred—  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

IV.  
Fast silent tears were flowing,  
When some one stood behind;  
A hand was on my shoulder,  
I knew its touch was kind;  
I drew me nearer—nearer—  
We did not speak one word,  
For the beating of our own hearts  
Was all the sound we heard.

## NINA MARSH;

OR,

## THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

## CHAPTER XXII.—A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

WHEN Mrs. Trent had seen the dark prison gates close upon Nina, she went to a quiet inn near the jail, and ordered pen, ink and paper to be brought to her whilst they were preparing the refreshment of which she stood sadly in need. Her first letter was to Captain Marsh, giving full details of their journey and Nina's state of feeling all through. She believed it would comfort Cyril to know that she had displayed the utmost calmness and fortitude ever since parting from him. How sorely she wept, for her weakness, when the huge doorway of the prison was barred behind her, shutting her away from the outer world and all she loved, Mrs. Trent did not know. She might have guessed that the poor girl's forced composure would give way at last, but she was not bound to express this thought to Captain Marsh, whom she could picture holding the letter in a tremulous hand, whilst Mrs. Marsh, her eager eyes blinded by tears, unable to root the name of this child who has sinned from the warmest place in her mother's heart, creeps near to read those hurried lines, and to drink in Cyril's earnest words:

"Aunt, you must not sorrow so bitterly. Nina is innocent, and all will be well."

Mrs. Trent's picture is a true one, for her letter brings a pale gleam of sunshine into the desolate household. Mrs. Marsh ventures to approach her husband to tell him the last news.

"Nina was quite calm when Mrs. Trent left her," she says, letting her poor quivering fingers fall pleadingly on his.

Mr. Marsh turns quickly, as if she had stung him, and shakes off her meek grasp.

"Don't let me hear her name," he mutters. "I never knew that it could be held to any man's shame that he had begotten children on the earth, and given them a virtuous mother, until I was called upon to harbor a hypocrite and father a murderess. Sophia, that creature is dead to me; I will not even remember her name."

"Oh, John, if she is innocent! and, any way, she is our own!"

"Is not that the worst of my sorrow? Were she the child of any other man, I should pity him from the bottom of heart, but I should not have this shame and agony to bear. Look at me, Sophia! Three days ago I was in the prime of a green old age; I was hale, hearty, upright, and there was not a seam of gray in my hair. And now I am white, and bent, and aged, and the last remnant of youth and active life has fled before her sin."

He paused a minute, and seemed to choke down a sob. Presently he spoke again, in the tone and manner of a strong man whose spirit is broken—a desolate Samson shorn of his strength.

"I have only you now, Sophia. Do not desert me for her! After all, these sufferings must bring us closer together. Have I ever been harsh to you, my love?"

Mrs. Marsh murmured a stifled but earnest "No." She was more pained by this humble mood than she had been by his anger. She saw, even with her little penetration, that the recent blow had shattered Mr. Marsh's pride, had wounded his heart, and that from henceforth he would never be the same again. He went on mournfully:

"Yes, Sophia, I have been harsh to you sometimes, but it is all over now. You are stronger than I, and must help me. The blow was more than I could bear; it was like the terrible blast laying low the stout tree which had hitherto mocked at all storms. I am humbled now, Sophia, and grovelling on the ground. Do not forsake me in my misery and weakness."

"John," she said, taking his head on her bosom,

and kissing him passionately on brow and lips, "you need not fear—I will be true and staunch to you; but can I forget that God made me a mother?"

"You were a wife first," said Mr. Marsh, with something of his past sternness.

"Yes," said the poor woman, all her pent-up feelings bursting forth, "I might have saved her all this sorrow, perhaps, if I had now and then put you a little aside in order to bring my children nearer. She once reproached me that I belonged so entirely to you, and it was true. I have been nothing but a wife, John; I forsook them for you, and now I am too old to learn the novel lesson of forsaking you for them. Oh, John, I am almost afraid that we have not done rightly by our girls."

Her manner was brave and outspoken for the first time since she became a wife. The anxious repression of years seemed to be forgotten now in her self-reproach, her searching pain, lest she had not been a good mother to the poor lamb which had gone astray. Oh if she could but feel her conscience quiet in this time of terrible trial!—if she could only be certain that she had never carried her obedience to her husband so far that she had sacrificed her children to him! The cry she had once heard pass Nina's lips—a cry which merely prefaced the passionate accusation: "You belong to papa, and not to me!"—rang in Mrs. Marsh's ears, and seemed to echo through her heart, stinging her with its painful repetition. For the first time in her life she doubted herself, she doubted her husband, she doubted everything and everybody but God, and never had He appeared such a sure anchor as in this hour of darkness and pain.

It was so strange to have him—the great strong man, her husband—dependent on her cares, expecting so much from her; but Mrs. Marsh was too troubled to realise the responsibility devolving so tardily on her, and, in her self-absorption, sank without a scruple or a qualm into her place of trust.

And so we may leave them for awhile, and return to Mrs. Trent.

When she had written that comforting letter to Captain Marsh, she stirred her ink to blacken it, she mended her quill with a face of resolution and stern pride, which made her look a haughty Medea brooding over her wrongs and coming vengeance; then she began to trace her hurried, ebon words:

"COLONEL ST. GEORGE—I never thought to put your name upon paper again, or to have any compassion to spare for others—I who have suffered through every nerve and fibre of my being, and drunk with burning disgust the cup of ignominy and shame. Not that I write because I have pardoned you, and am sufficiently credulous to believe that you would be the easier for my forgiveness. No; you know that my creed is never to injure others, and never to forgive any one who has injured me. And you stabbed me in a vital part—you uncovered my heart and planted your dagger deep, laughing when the red blood poured out, and my white lips gnawed the passionate cries which pressed between them. God knows I had bitter days and dark nights in those times of agony and humiliation which you bought for me. I thankfully lost sight of you for a while, but, like a serpent who traces his path in venom, I came on your track again, and learnt from the delirium of a poor despairing girl that you had not been idle the years since we had met. Then we came face to face again, and, as a lordly recognition of my stupidity and harmlessness, you graciously confided to me the fact that Nina Marsh was really your wife. Not that you meant to acknowledge her, or even allow her the comfort of feeling herself free from sin. You were too learned in the art of torturing your victims to give that poor child one consolation you could deny. She suffered most horrible shame and misery, and in the brain fever brought on by grief I heard her secrets. She had married you unknown to her parents, and became the mother of a child. She raved about this child, morning, noon and night, until even Mr. Marsh, who often heard her, began almost to believe there was some truth in her mania. I succeeded in quieting his fears, but I never could destroy the vague distrust with which he afterwards regarded Nina. She would declare she had murdered it, and ask us, shuddering, if we could not hear it scream. 'Can't you see it floating on the water?' she would sometimes say, in an anxious, piercing tone of inquiry, and then she would strain her wild eyes seaward, and burst into racking sobs. Her anguish must have moved even you, cold and stony as your heart has always been. I believed—I could not help it—that, when you so cruelly repudiated your wife, she, in her madness and despair, murdered her child. I do not think this now, for the girl tells me that she could have sworn it was dead when she cast it into the sea. But the chain of circumstantial evidence is so clear and strong that I fear she cannot escape, especially as she was seen in the very act of throwing her child over the cliff, and Dame Oldum will take her oath that it was alive at the time. I have just seen the poor unfortunate creature, your wife, taken to prison, and I write at once to bid you hurry down and stand by her in her trials, all of which you have caused. You will come, otherwise I will proclaim you before the world as a bigamist and forger. My own miserable secret shall be exposed, great as will be the agony of opening an unhealed wound to the bleak air. You shall be known in your true character. Mind, I never swerve from my word. If by the day after to-morrow you are not at Durston, I will take care that Nina Marsh's wrongs and mine are amply avenged. And now do as you like; my duty is performed. All future responsibility rests with you, and you must do my bidding, or take the consequences."

AMELIA TRENT.

It is hard to express with what pain and difficulty this letter had been written. There were some things Mrs. Trent would wish to have said she had not said; she would have liked to represent Nina's case more forcibly, and have referred to his feelings as well as his fear. But, although she realised the feebleness of her appeal, she could not mend it. A great deal must be left to Colonel St. George, and unfortunately he was not the sort of man who could be trusted to his own impulses. Mrs. Trent felt thoroughly sick at heart. She did not doubt that Colonel St. George would come; but when she reflected what a poor consolation the presence of such a man would be to a wife who loathed the very sound of his name,

she almost doubted if she had done well to call him to Nina's side.

"Ah, if he had only been Captain Marsh!" was her involuntary thought as she dropped the two letters together into the box, and went back to the inn.

Colonel St. George was very cheerful this morning. He looked wonderfully young and fresh, and his dressing-gown would have satisfied the most fastidious member of the great "dandiacal body." It was pleasant to him to feel that without any extra care he was still so presentable of a morning, a time most trying to those who have passed the bloom of youth. He sat breaking an egg, with a smile playing under his ebon moustache that had evidently no connection with the edible under his spoon. He was still absorbed in this occupation when his valet entered, bearing two letters and the *Times* on a silver salver, Colonel St. George motioned him to deposit them on a little table close by, and went on with his breakfast. He had no fear, or even the vaguest presentiment, that the post would bring him ill news; but it was a principle with him never to open anything, down to a trade circular, until he fortified himself against all contingencies by a substantial meal. But warmed and strengthened internally by a liberal dose of rich Mocha, Colonel St. George felt in a condition to defy fate and battle with his bills. He had finished his eggs and ham, and filled up a vacant corner with some foreign preserve to which he was partial, and then he stretched out his hand languidly, and drew both the letters near his plate. His breath quickened, his eyes clouded, when he read the address of one, and quickly his hand broke the seal and tore the paper out of the envelope. When he had read it deliberately from beginning to end, he went to the door and called his valet.

"Jenkyns," he said, lowering his voice, "I know you are always willing and ready. If you will have all my things and yours packed, in preparation for a long journey, in two hours, I will give you five pounds."

"It shall be done, sir," answered Jenkyns, whose admirable training enabled him to receive this astonishing order without even a movement of surprise.

"I must leave London Bridge by the one o'clock train, in order to catch the Dover boat, which goes at half-past four."

"Very well, sir; I will be ready."

Meanwhile Colonel St. George collected all his papers, summoned the landlady, paid her a month's rent, in lieu of a month's notice, and shook the dust of his feet outside her door one hour from that time. He reached Dover without either accident or incident. He had still half an hour to spare before the boat would start, and, as he was one of those unhappy people who have a constitutional objection to the smell of a steamer, he put off going on board until the last minute, and strayed up and down the quay, waiting until the twin funnels should display some signs of active life. He was not so philosophically disposed as usual, for he resented the necessity of leaving London, where the life suited him beyond any he could hope to lead elsewhere. He was tapping the pavement with his cane, keeping up an unconscious accompaniment to his moody thoughts, when some one in passing him brushed his arm. Colonel St. George looked up quickly, and was startled to find himself confronted by Lord Gillingham.

"Well," said the earl, taking a leisurely survey of his habiliments, and then fixing his bleared eyes full on the other's face, "going on a trip to the Continent? You're such a deuce of an economical fellow, that I'll bet it's an excursion affair—so much there and back, and a week in Paris for sight-seeing. If it is more than a week, you'd better not go, in case I should want you. There's that little affair of the certificate to clear up; and I hear that Mrs. St. George—that delicate damsel from the Beechwood preserves—has been carried off to prison for poaching—hang it! I mean murder; so that you may be asked for there too. You see it wouldn't do, really, for you to be out of the way long."

Colonel St. George struggled with his rage and pain for a minute, then he pushed past Lord Gillingham, and strode towards the boat. The earl limped after him as fast as he could. When St. George reached the pier they were already removing the steps from the dock of the Victoria, and laying them on the quay. But seeing his predicament, the captain called out to him to cross a narrow plank, which was stretched from the paddle-box to the pavement, and had just been used by one of the land porters leaving the boat. Eagerly, but firmly, Colonel St. George placed his foot on the fatal bridge, and was nearly across when he heard a cry behind him:

"Stop him—stop him! he is flying from justice!"

He turned back to look at his pursuer, and at this moment the boat gave a sudden lurch and he lost his balance and fell into the sea. The green waters opened eagerly and sucked him in, closing remorselessly over him as he sank, never to rise again. The tides were high and strong, and the waves still trembled from the last night's storm. It was supposed that the unfortunate man was drawn under the bottom of the boat by the motion of the paddle-wheels, and that subsequently his body drifted out to sea. Every effort was made to save him, but, as we have said, he never rose to the surface again; and although they dragged the water as far as they could, no trace of him was found. A week later a body was thrown on the rocks, some miles above the town, but as it was denuded of all clothing, and the face terribly decomposed, Captain Marsh, who was on the spot, and had been most indefatigable to procure decent burial for his cousin's husband, could barely recognise the handsome, hard-hearted, world-minded Maurice St. George. They buried him in a little quiet cemetery close by the village where he was found, with a stone at his head, and the

solemn moan of the sea sweeping his grave. How little record he left, save the name staining the marble of his tomb, may be gathered from the fact that not even those whose life had once been nearly connected with his could weep for him. And so it is that the wicked die and are forgotten, whilst the good and great live in the memory of their fellow-men from generation to generation.

When Captain Marsh had seen the last sad office performed over Maurice St. George, he returned to Beechwood, and from there wrote to Mrs. St. George, telling her as gently and gradually as he could of her son's death. But to do Mrs. St. George justice, she received the tidings with great stoicism. When tender-hearted Miss Mervyn came all the way from her place in Westmoreland to console the motherless widow she found her mentally convalescent, and already inquiring when it would be decorous for her to recommence her evening allowance at whist; and once, when Miss Mervyn had spent the whole afternoon crying silently over the unhappy destiny of the two young creatures whom she, in her ill-regulated sympathies, had helped to ruin, she looked up suddenly to find Mrs. St. George playing patience with great satisfaction. So that, finding her post of comfort a complete sinecure, Miss Mervyn retreated to her own home, where she nursed her sorrow in solitude, fully persuaded that the utmost she could do for Nina now was to spend a certain number of hours bewailing her miserable fate.

It was about a fortnight after Nina's incarceration, when her trial was expected to come off in a few days, that Captain and Mrs. Marsh, returning from a visit to her in prison, were met, as they neared home, by the clergyman of the parish. Cyril stopped the horses, as he saw by Mr. Douglas's manner that he wished to speak to them, and on hearing that he had important news to communicate, he ordered the groom to take the carriage home, whilst he and Mrs. Marsh followed on foot. When the man was out of sight, Mr. Douglas told them the good tidings he was on his way to Beechwood to communicate.

"I have just come from Dame Oldum's," he said. "Of course you have heard of her accident?"

"No," answered Cyril and Mrs. Marsh simultaneously.

"True, you were already gone when it occurred. But about twelve o'clock this morning, leaning over the hill to note something that interested her in the village below, she was seized with sudden giddiness and fell over. Her fall was broken, when half-way down, by an elm-tree, to which she clung frantically, until perceived by Rose Woodman, who sent some men to her aid. They succeeded in rescuing her, but she was badly hurt, one leg being fractured, an arm broken, and some internal injury having been sustained besides. When her limbs had been set, and everything done for her that was necessary, to the surprise of all present she expressed a strong desire to see me. On my arrival she informed me that she had a confession to make, which she would wish heard by two witnesses, and that I might write it down if I liked and get them to sign it. I called in the doctor and her son, and took down her deposition, which I now hand to you, Captain Marsh, to be used for your cousin's benefit. Madam," he added, turning to Mrs. Marsh with real feeling, "your daughter is innocent, and she will return to you again."

Mrs. Marsh looked up at him with wistful eyes. She could not believe these tidings; they were too blessed to be credible. She sent a glance of appeal at Cyril.

"Read it to her," said Mr. Douglas, gently, as he walked away and left them alone.

Dame Oldum, believing herself at the point of death, had made a full confession of her sin. She swore that Nina's child had been quite dead when she sepulchred it in the sea. She had seen the young mother sit down on the crag, open her shawl and gaze lovingly into the face of her child, then suddenly scream, lift it aloft and almost shake it to hear it cry. But no; the little one was cold and stark, and its wide-open eyes, distended and glassy, gazed full into the girl-mother's face, moving her to strange horror and fear.

Dame Oldum saw it all—saw how the poor creature still strained the little one close to her bosom, when it could no longer profit by the warmth or gather any nourishment from her; and then, when all hope was gone—when her anxious ear, bent close to the little heart, found it so still—she rose wearily, and came with her lifeless burden to cast into the sea. The dame was close to her now, and could see the gray infant face and the look of sweet dead peace on the tiny features; and she noted the passionate grief of the mother, parting, amidst tears and kisses, from her child, and trusting it to the deep ocean for a grave. The dame could remember the prayer which formed her simple service over the dead, and the sobs which shook her frame as she turned away. Her false accusation against Nina was more shortly explained, and must be too fully understood by our readers to need repeating. But she made the earnest avowal that she had been bribed to her present cruel, false charge against the poor girl by Lord Gillingham, who had offered her a thousand pounds to come forward as a witness and accuse Nina. She had consented with sufficient willingness, perhaps, and was to have left for Durston some days before, in order to be ready for the trial, but had been detained at Beechwood by Lord Gillingham's tardiness in forwarding the promised sum. And now, knowing herself to be near death, she had been afraid to approach the last struggle with such a terrible lie on her conscience, and had sent for Mr. Douglas in order that she might right Nina and taste some peace. She hoped that she might be pardoned all her misdeeds, and, in full repentance, she flung herself on the mercy of God.

Cyril's heart was so full of deep, solemn thankfulness as he read that he hardly noticed how weak and spent Mrs. Marsh appeared. The great and sudden joy was too much for her. She smiled



feebly at Cyril, as if in depreciation of her pallor, and said, in a low, moving voice:

"I can't help being faint, Cyril, but I am very happy. God be praised for his boundless goodness to me and mine!"

## THANKSGIVING.

NOVEMBER 24, 1864.

I.

HUSHED be the battle-roar, to-day,  
By riflepit and parapet;  
Ring out a joyful roundelay,  
Ye silver bells, for music set!  
To-day no whistling bolts shall fly,  
No cannon-voice the welkin shake;  
But orisons upon the sky  
In myriad strains of joy shall break.

For, on the land, and on the sea,  
O! this a day of grace shall be,  
O! *gloria in excelsis Deo!*  
Praise the Lord!

II.

A sound of joy goes whispering,  
To-day, the army tents among;  
And through the ship-cords it will sing,  
A birdlike note of tender song.  
And lightly every soldier lad,  
And lightly every sailor boy,  
Responsive to the home-song glad,  
Will lift his grateful heart with joy.

For, on the land, and on the sea,  
O! this a day of grace shall be,  
O! *gloria in excelsis Deo!*  
Praise the Lord!

## MISS HULDAH'S THANKSGIVING.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

THANKSGIVING DAY dawned clear and cold. There was no snow upon the ground, but the earth was frozen stiff and the road was rough with little ridges. A brisk November wind was blowing outside, which lent additional cheer to the glowing fires within.

Hulda Greene stepped briskly about the large old-fashioned room, which served at once as kitchen and dining-room. A tall woman, with energy and decision stamped plainly enough on a countenance which had never had any pretensions to beauty. There had been two sisters, Hulda and Susan; the latter had married, and now lived in a town ten miles away, surrounded by a family of children; Hulda had remained unmarried. Perhaps she had too much else to think of. For ten years she had served as housekeeper in a large country tavern, where she developed into a notable housekeeper, and became famed through all the country round about for the excellence of her puddings and pies and the superiority of her dinners. But this was a wearing life, and told even upon the iron frame of Miss Hulda. So, when the death of an aunt placed her in possession of a comfortable property, she returned to the old homestead, where she kept house by herself.

To-day she was not to be alone. She had invited her sister's family to celebrate Thanksgiving with her. She was determined to receive them in a style which should do credit to her housekeeping, and to this end had for a day or two been engaged in making elaborate preparations for the Thanksgiving feast. This result was a supply of dainties which would have sufficed for three times the number she expected.

"You won't catch Hulda Greene stinting anybody," she said to herself. "The children shall have all they can eat, and if it does make 'em a little grain uncomfortable, why it's only once a-year."

Thanksgiving morning had come, the best room had been swept and dusted, the blinds had been thrown open, and the unwonted sunshine fell on the hard flat sofa and the straight-backed chairs ranged like grenadiers against the sides of the apartment. But the kitchen was the more cheerful place of the two. Visible through the half-open closet-door was a long row of pies—apple, mince and pumpkin—rich, and flaky, and appetizing. The turkey was roasting in the tin kitchen before the fireplace, under the vigilant care of Miss Hulda, who had already arrayed herself in a high-necked dress of black bombazine, which had served her for best longer than I can remember.

So the morning wore away. Eleven o'clock came and still Miss Hulda's company had not arrived. As they lived but ten miles off this was somewhat surprising.

"I expect it takes a sight of time to get such a parcel of children washed and dressed, and ready to set out," said Miss Hulda to herself, a little uneasily. "I'm glad I ain't troubled with a family. Still, I should think sister Susan might have got here by this time; at any rate, I might as well be setting the table, so I can be at leisure when she comes."

Half an hour passed, the old kitchen clock pointed to half-past eleven, the table was set, and the turkey almost done. Miss Hulda went to the door and looked up the road anxiously. In the distance she detected the rumbling sound of wheels, though the wagon was concealed behind a turn of the road.

"I guess that's Susan," she said, with an air of relief.

But Miss Hulda was doomed to disappointment. It proved to be a neighbor riding home from the village. He slackened his horse's speed as he approached the farmhouse, and fumbling in his coat-pocket, said:

"I've got a letter for you somewhere, Miss Hulda. I was down to the village this morning, and the postmaster gave it to me. I expect, from the postmark, it's from your sister."

"From sister Susan!" ejaculated Miss Hulda, in dismay. "Then she can't be coming. I hope she ain't going to disappoint me after all."

She tore open the letter hastily, and found that it was indeed as she had feared. Unforeseen circumstances would oblige her sister to remain at home. The letter, which had been written two days previous, contained an invitation to Miss Hulda to spend the day with her sister. Of course it was now too late.

"I'd ought to have got this letter yesterday," she said in a tone of disappointment, as she went back into the house. "It would have saved my cooking up such a stack of things, with nobody to eat 'em."

There stood the table spread for eight. The turkey was nearly done to a turn. Already it was diffusing a delicious odor about the apartment. There was a large plum pudding, and the closet was full of pies.

"Well," sighed Miss Hulda, "it's a shame that there should be nobody to eat all these good things. I shall feel like a fool sitting down to this big table alone. If anybody should come I really believe that they'd think I was gone crazy. I declare, I feel so disappointed, that I don't believe I could worry down a mite."

All at once Miss Hulda was indebted to her good angel for a suggestion, which illuminated her face with new cheerfulness. Perhaps she might find guests after all. She remembered how, when a certain man sent out invitations to a feast and they that were bidden did not come, he went out into the highways and byways and gathered in the poor and the outcasts, and made them welcome to the feast which he had prepared.

"I declare," said Miss Hulda to herself, "I don't believe Mrs. Nelson is able to get a Thanksgiving dinner for her children. Why can't I invite them here? I've got plenty if there were twice as many of them. I'll do it!" she concluded energetically.

With resolute Miss Hulda, to resolve was to act. She put on her cloak and hood, and calling the cat out of doors lest the temptations by which she was surrounded should prove too great for her to resist, bent her steps towards a small unpainted house—it was little more than a shanty—where Mrs. Nelson and her six children found an humble shelter.

We will precede her.

Mrs. Nelson, herself a worthy woman, had had the misfortune to marry a drunken husband, whose habits had increased upon him until one morning he was found frozen stiff in a snowdrift, where he had fallen in a state of intoxication on his way home from the tavern. How she had since managed to live she herself scarcely knew. Her children were too young to afford her much assistance. Notwithstanding the occasional help she received from the neighbors there was many a day when her children, after eating all she was able to provide for them, were obliged to rise from the table hungry. It will be easily seen that it was quite beyond her power to celebrate Thanksgiving day with the bountiful dinner which is usually associated with it.

"What are we going to have for dinner, mother?" asked Jimmy, the oldest boy.

"There isn't anything in the house but a little salt pork and some potatoes," said Mrs. Nelson, sadly.

"Ain't it Thanksgiving Day, mother?" asked Fanny, who was nine years old.

"Yes, my child," said her mother with a sigh.

"I saw such a jolly row of pies at Miss Greene's," said Jimmy, "this morning when I went in there. Didn't they smell good, though? Just baked, I guess. It's so long since I've eaten a piece of pie that I don't know as I remember how it tastes."

"Why don't you make pies, mother?" asked little Fred, who was too young to understand fully the hard lessons which poverty is not slow in teaching.

"I wish I could, my child," said Mrs. Nelson. "But lard is so expensive. It seems to me as if everything was expensive now. We shall be lucky if we can get enough of the plainest food to eat."

"Wouldn't it be jolly if we could have a roast turkey, mother?" asked Jimmy, who, poor fellow, could not help still thinking about what there seemed so little chance of his tasting. Did you ever have any for Thanksgiving?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Nelson, "we always used to have them at father's. That was before I was married. Afterwards, too, before your poor father got into a bad way we had a regular Thanksgiving dinner."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I should like to try it once, just to see how it seems."

"So should I," chimed in Fanny.

Meanwhile Mrs. Nelson had spread her table, placing thereon a few potatoes and some fried pork.

"You may come up to the table, children," she said. "Dinner's ready."

They were about to commence their frugal repast, when a loud knock was heard at the door.

"I wonder who it can be," thought the widow, as she went to the door.

"Won't you come in, Miss Hulda?" she asked in a tone of surprise.

"No, I can't stop a minute," answered her visitor, her keen eyes taking in at a glance the frugal dinner-table visible through the half-open door. "I only came on an errand. Have you had dinner?"

Mrs. Nelson blushed, though, poor woman, she had little cause to do so. Her poverty was no fault of hers.

"I see you haven't," said Miss Hulda without waiting for a reply. "I am glad of it, for I want you to dine with me."

"Dine with you?"

"Yes. I expected sister Susan and her young folks, but I've just got a letter saying they can't come, and I don't feel like eating alone. So I should be obliged to you if you'd come over and keep me company."

Jimmy's eyes sparkled, for it was he that had seen the long row of pies which made a part of Miss Hulda's Thanksgiving preparations. There was a glad light, too, in the faces of his brothers and sisters as they heard the invitation.

"I'm very much obliged to you," said the widow, gratefully. "It'll be a real treat to the children. But I'm afraid they don't look fit to be seen in your house."

"Never mind, bring them over just as they are. The dinner's all ready to take up, and it won't wait. So, children, put on your things and come right along."

Ten minutes afterwards the children, half abashed, entered Miss Hulda's comfortable house. An ample table, covered with a snow-white cloth, soon groaned beneath a goodly weight of generous cheer.

"Now, every one of you, get a chair and sit right up to the table," said Miss Hulda, cheerfully. "Mrs. Nelson, you must sit opposite me and help take care of those little ones. I ain't used to looking out for so many. Now, Jimmy, pass your plate, and we'll see what we can do for you."

It is needless to tell how these poor children, unused to plenty, enjoyed Miss Hulda's dinner, nor how much brighter the world seemed to the poor widow who, with thankful heart, beheld her children cheered with a plentiful meal. Miss Hulda was in her element, and seemed bent on filling her little guests to suffocation. But at last the dinner was over. Then the dining-table was cleared away, and the children had many a merry game in the great kitchen. They were to stay to supper, so Miss Hulda insisted, though, sooth to say, they did not need much urging. When at length they were ready to go home, a large basket was packed full, which Jimmy and Fred carried between them.

"I declare," said Miss Hulda to herself, as she sat before the crackling logs in the evening, "I believe I've enjoyed this Thanksgiving better than any I've ever passed. On the whole I'm glad Susan didn't come."

The reader will be glad to learn that this was not the last time that Miss Hulda entertained her poor neighbors, and that a week rarely passed during which a basket filled with specimens of her excellent cookery did not find its way to the humble home of the Nelsons. To them that was indeed a day of Thanksgiving, which opened the heart of Miss Hulda to their necessities.

## APART.

BY J. J. PIATT.

At sea are tossing ships;  
On shore are dreaming shells,  
And the waiting hearts and the loving lips,  
Blossoms and bridal-bells.

At sea are sails a gleam;  
On shore are longing eyes,  
And the far horizon's haunting dream  
Of ships that sail the skies.

At sea are masts that rise  
Like spectres from the deep;  
On shore are the ghosts of drowning cries,  
That cross the waves of sleep.

At sea are wrecks a-strand;  
On shore are shells that moan,  
Old anchors buried in barren sand,  
Sea mist and dreams alone.

## TOWN GOSSIP.

THE sensation of the week—Gen. Butler—is gone, leaving behind him a speech of wonderful sagacity and power, and general orders, courteously thanking all those who aided and assisted him in drawing the cordon of defence around New York while she was passing through what many suppose the dangerous ordeal of the election. That she has been so used while all other parts of the country have been left to themselves is a matter at which New York has no right to growl. She lost her character for peace and quietness a year ago last July, and there need be no complaint now if a suspicion attaches even though without just grounds.

And now that he is gone it will not be uninteresting to New Yorkers, as well as all the rest of mankind, to just narrate how the matter was arranged, so that if naughty Gotham had become unruly she was to be punished.

Gen. Butler received an order on the 3d of this month directing him to report to Gen. Dix and take command of such troops as would be placed at his disposal. Within two days a full corps of over 8,000 men was transferred from the army of the James, with horse, foot and dragons to match, to this city or its immediate neighborhood. There was no sign, no straggling soldiers upon our streets, no tramp of armed men in our midst, but quietly these thousands were placed upon Staten Island, Fort Hamilton, or such other places as were chosen to make them of easy distance from the city. The next step was for the commanding General to call about him such officers for temporary service within the bounds of the city as he could depend on. An order calling upon all such as were upon furloughs or unassigned brought together the material, and from them was selected such as were wanted for secret and special duty. Councils were held, a system of correspondence by telegraph and watchfulness was organized, and every part of the city districted and placed under charge of a commissioned officer, who was to act in concert with the police and report direct to Gen. Butler by telegraph.

With all this it was necessary that no suspicion should go forth that New York was surrounded by soldiers, to give the disaffected a chance to cry out against a fancied interference with the ballot box, and consequently, though the military power was everywhere, not an armed man was to be seen or an officer in uniform. Eight thousand men were ready at a moment's notice, with horses saddled and guns limbered, to swarm through our streets, and crush with one bloody blow any attempt at a repetition of the mob violence that discomfited us last year; and yet no sign was seen.

Until Friday last they maintained their positions, and then, like shadows, back they fitted to the James, leaving behind them only the suspicion of their visit, and the reality of a quiet city, and thus aided the act of the Government in administering an ounce of prevention.

With the exit of Gen. Butler, New York will be looking anxiously about for her next sensation in the way of man-worship, and we presume the object will be Alexandre Dumas, who will, within a few weeks, be with us; it may be he is even now on his way. He will come among us in his usual dramatic style, and it is already announced that he will make his advent with two translators and a private secretary, and honor us by writing a book, which will be published at the same time in Paris, London and New York. Dumas is about 60, and though a full mulatto, is declared an exceedingly handsome man. He is recklessly prodigal, making money by thousands with a stroke of his pen, and spending it with fearful extravagance. He is unmarried, and speaks no English, but is a universal lover of the fairer sex, and a citizen of the world in the broadest acceptance. There can be no question but Dumas is to be our next man sensation.

First ice! The announcement is one that will send a thrill of pleasure through thousands of hearts, and conjure up visions of moonlight, music, love and skating. Year after year the passion has grown stronger upon the people, and now not to know some skating is almost to argue oneself unknown. Within a few weeks, perhaps a few days, all New York will be giving way to the frenzy of the skating carnival. The opera will be voted a bore and theatres ancient, while Central Park, the 5th Avenue pond, and every sheet of frozen water within the bills of mortality will be the reigning toast, skates will be trumps, and no man, woman or child will be considered worth a passing notice unless they are good skaters. Let us pray for a rapid rising of the ball!

Among the very foolish things growing out of this election, and out of every election, is the practice of making absurd bets, the loser pledging himself to trundle a barrel of apples, or something else, to some given point, to sweep the street, to saw a load of wood, or to do something equally out of his daily avocation. As long as these stupid things are done in private, and the public are not called on by advertisement to witness men make fools of themselves, it is nobody's business, and the actor's; but when, by placard and newspaper notice, all the world is called on to assist the long-eared betters, we think it is full time they were all served as one of the gentry was served last week, on his attempting to sweep Essex street, amid the hoots and yells of a mob of idlers, who fairly blocked the street and disturbed the peace of the neighborhood. The man had scarce begun when a tap was administered to his shoulder, and he was politely informed that he was wanted, and between two policemen marched to the police-court, where he was put under bonds to keep the peace and cease to obstruct the street—a just punishment for acting like a fool.

While upon the subject of fools, we are reminded of those two who went out some five months ago in a little cockboat, which they called the Vision, to cross the Atlantic, and who have undoubtedly paid the forfeit with their lives, as the Vision has not been heard of since she sailed, and the two men and a dog—we sympathize with the dog—are no doubt long since slumbering at the bottom of the sea. In any country but this these two insane men, thirsting after a little unhealthy notoriety, would have been prevented sacrificing their lives and that of an innocent dog; but we are always too busy to attend to so small an affair as a human life or two.

As a bit of gossip from over the water, we chronicle the marriage of a celebrated New York belle and beauty, Miss Mary Lee, at Paris, on the 26th of Oct., to the Prince of Schleswig-Holstein, a wealthy and accomplished man, though rather in the care of life, being 65, while the bride is not yet fairly out of the twenties. The prince, being of royal blood, could only contract a morganatic marriage, and, consequently, dropping his title as Prince, he married as the Duke de Noer, to which rank he is entitled by virtue of his Austrian estates, and under which he could marry Miss Lee in the regular way. Apropos of this marriage, it reminds us that New York is most excellently represented in the titled families of Europe, our belles seeming to have peculiar powers of attraction for a coronet, and an inability to adapt their republican tastes to aristocratic union.

Once more gold is down, having closed with the week at 22, a fall of nearly 20 within five days. To the outside world this is a rally of slight importance, though fortunes are lost and won upon a turn of the cards, and it only assumes an importance from being supposed an index of the financial state of the country. This might have once been the case, but it is no longer so. The rise and fall of gold is merely the result of a feverish speculation.

Wall street is just now somewhat excited in an outside way with fancy stock, such as gold and silver mining, and the last straw of wealth, petroleum. The market is flooded with the last named, and, if brokers are to be believed, every inch of the country, from Maine to Louisiana, is to be bored for oil, and in less than a year our rivers will flow with it, and we shall eat, drink and wear petroleum; while the whales in the Northern seas can wag their tails in safety, and Cincinnati pigs congratulate themselves that it will no longer pay to manufacture their obesity into lard, oil or candles.

## Our Amusements.

There is little, very little, to chronicle that is new. Don Sebastian has not yet shown his kingly figure upon the Academy boards, and through the week we have been obliged to be content with "Lucretia" and more "Faust," and Miss Kellogg in her great rôle of Margherita. We shall save ourselves for Don Sebastian.

Strange to say, in the very flush tide of success, with houses jammed in every part, Maggie Mitchell withdrew from New York without having given us a chance to test her quality in anything but "Faustion." Whether this withdrawal proceeds from capriciousness in other cities, or from the fact of Niblo's being pre-engaged, is a mystery into which we have not been initiated, but certain it is that her three weeks here have made a decided impression on New York audiences, and they will be always ready to receive her with open arms.

Wallack, as a great waking up, has produced "The School of Reform," which, of course, as everything has in this house, no matter how stereotyped, had a great success. Mr. Mark Smith gave us a Bob Tyke that we possibly have missed the taste of Wallackian audiences, but was not a rendering of the author's meaning. The character of Bob Tyke is not a low and brutal villain, ready alike for pitch and toss or murder; he is simply a common country lad, cunning, stupid and with all the instinct of petty crime, but not brutality, half rogue, half fool. Mr. Mark Smith mistakes the author's design.

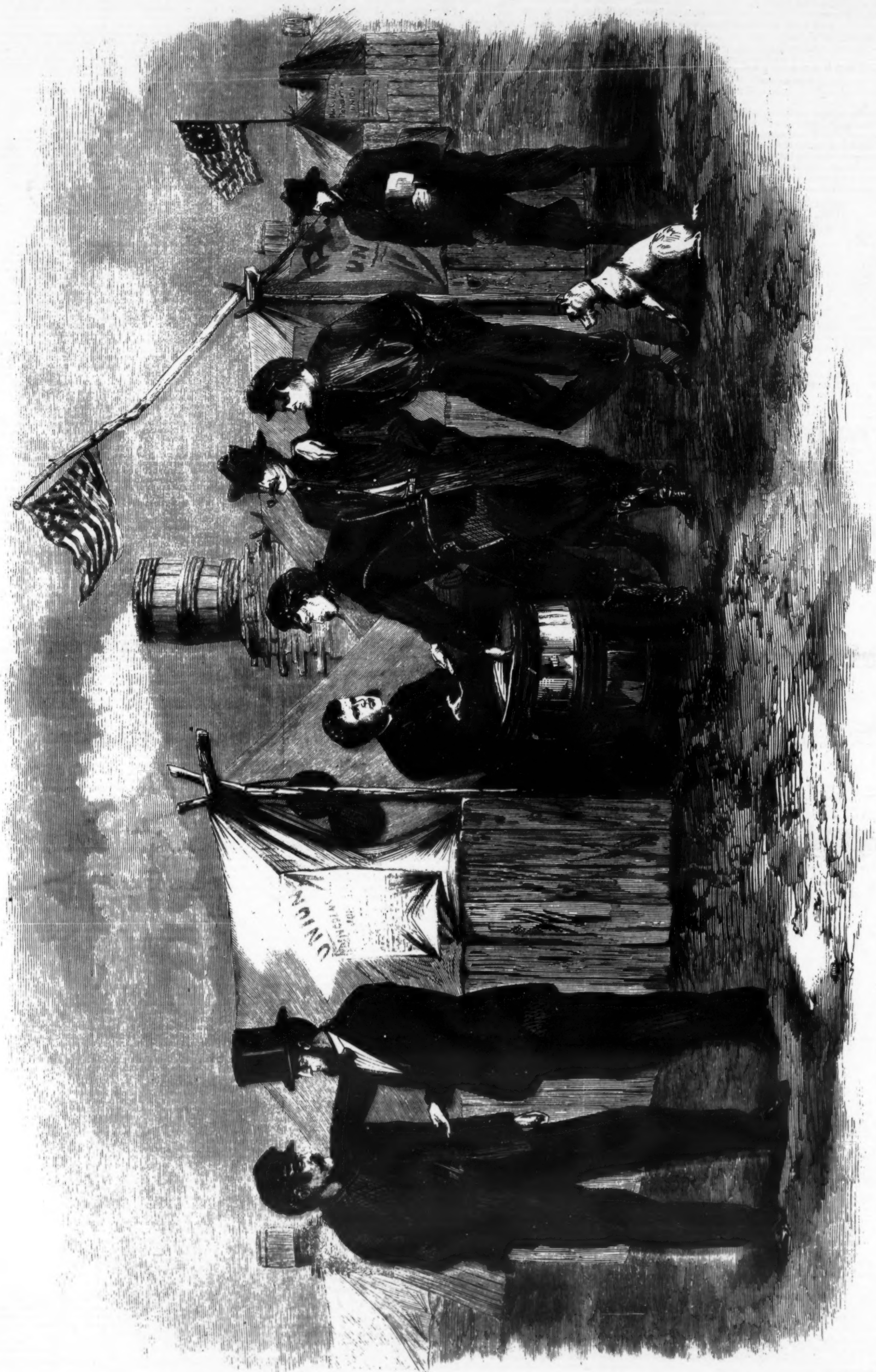
Owens is still looking for that "b-r-r-r" of apple sauce at the Broadway, with just as many anxious people to assist him in the search, and at the Winter Garden Clarke is dropping in every night as "Paul Pry," promising that with this week he will withdraw his comestenance and allow us to see Edwin Booth.

Barnum is still in the dog and "Ingen" line. We are told, on most reliable authority, that one of those Barnum dogs is nothing more nor less than a Seneca Indian, who was coaxed out of his skin by the manager, and has, consequently, been obliged to make his appearance in his present guise. One thing we feel sure of, which is that the dogish dance is not to be beaten even by a Seneca Indian.

It is a good piece of news to give the little ones that Van Amburgh has arrived, bringing with him all the beasts, and the most beautiful collection of gay plumaged birds that perhaps has ever been gathered together in the world. It is the best exhibition of the kind that has ever been offered to the New York public, and the management deserves praise for keeping the price at so low a rate as to be within the reach of all.

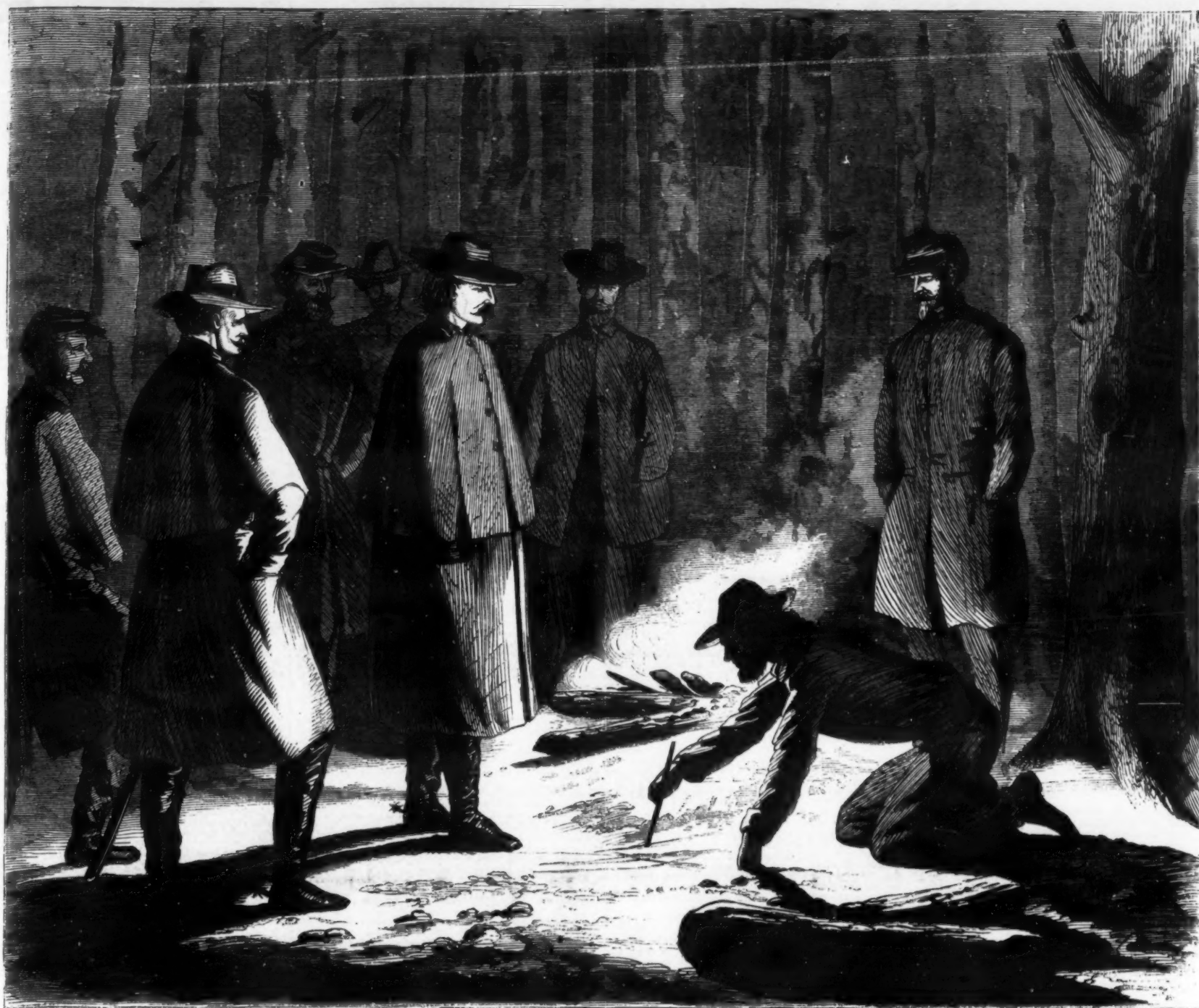
A BOWL OF PUNCH. The *Gentleman's Magazine* contains an account of a remarkable bowl of punch that was made in England, in 1644. It was made in a fountain, in a garden, in the middle of four walks, covered overhead with oaks and linden trees, and in every walk was a table, for while length of it, covered with cold collations, etc. In the fountain were the following ingredients: 4 horseheads bruised, 23,000 lemons, 20 gallons lime juice, 1,300 weight of white Lisbon sugar, 51 pounds grated nutmeg, 200 tinned biscuits, and 1 pipe of dry mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy to keep off the rain, and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy, who rowed round the fountain and filled the cups of the company, and, in all probability, more than 6,000 men drank thereof.





THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, NOV. 8—SCENE AT THE POLLS IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SOLDIERS VOTING.—SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.





A REBEL PRISONER EXPLAINING TO MAJOR-GEN. WARREN THE POSITION AND MOVEMENTS OF THE REBEL FORCES, ON THURSDAY, OCT. 27.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

#### OUR SOLDIERS VOTING IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The duty of our soldiers of late has been divided between fighting and voting, and in both capacities they have displayed a kindred energy and decision. A spirited sketch on page 172 represents a scene at the polls in the Army of the Potomac, on the occasion of the Presidential election. The particular location thus illustrated is near Fort Wadsworth, on the Weldon road. The polls were evidently of the most primitive construction. A tent for the shelter of the inspector of votes and an old pork barrel for the reception of ballots, the whole surmounted by the American flag, on a rather dilapidated pole—these are the elements of the scene. Our soldiers are thronging around this rude ballot-box, which, rude though it be, is the eloquent utterance of the will of freemen, who do not fear to peril everything for the sake of their beloved country.

#### BATTLE OF ALLATOONA.

ALLATOONA is a post town of Cass county, Georgia, and is between Dalton and Atlanta, from which latter place it is distant about 30 miles. On the 4th Oct. a rebel force of about 7,000 captured a little place on the railroad called Big Shanty, and then advanced upon Allatoona, some five miles north of that place. Flushed with their easy capture of Big Shanty, they attacked, on the 5th Oct., the Union force under Gen. John M. Corse, who had been sent from Rome with reinforcements by Gen. Sherman, who had anticipated the movement. After a desperate conflict of some hours the rebels were repulsed at all points, with the loss of 200 dead, left on the field, and over 1,000 in wounded and prisoners. Our loss amounted to about 400 in all. The enemy, after this defeat, retreated in the direction of Dallas.

Our Artist has represented the battlefield, with the rebel line of advance upon the Union forces. The commander of the rebel army was Gen. S. G. French.

#### REBEL PRISONER EXPLAINING TO MAJOR-GEN. WARREN

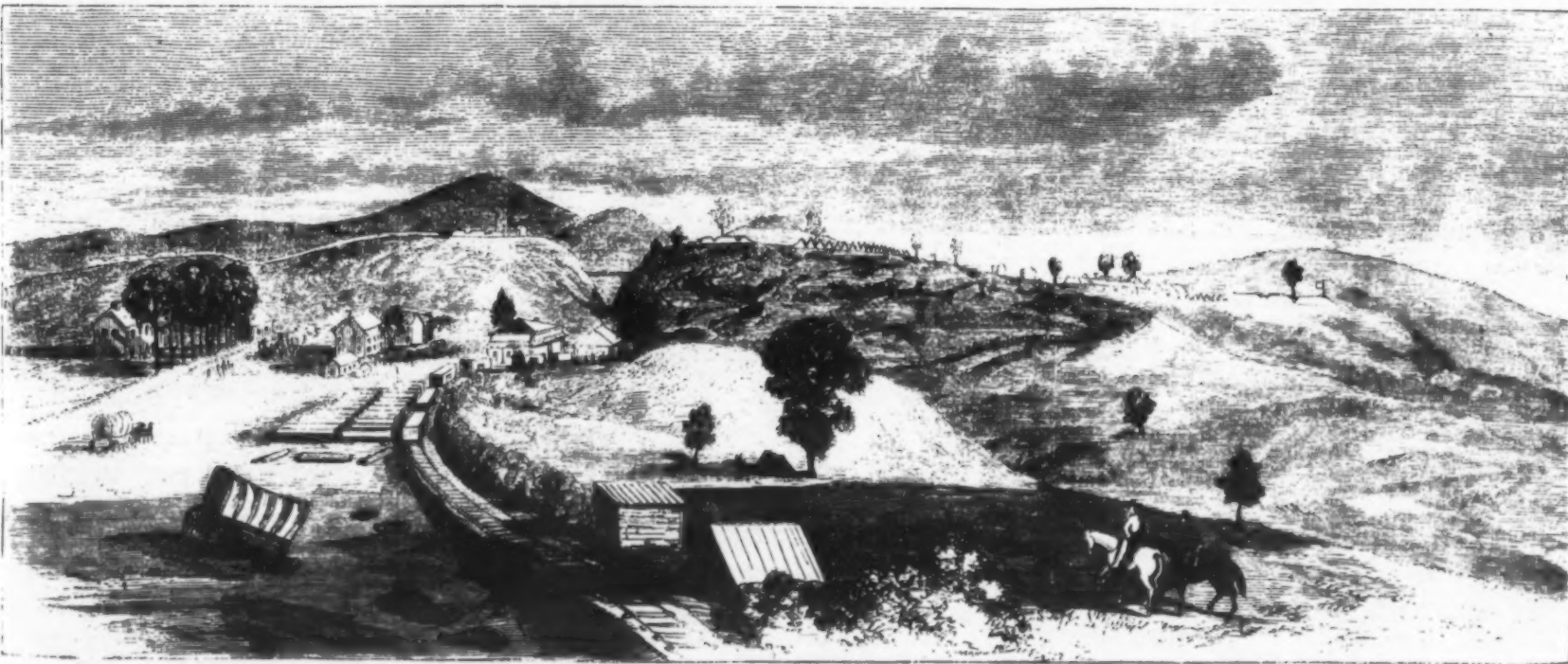
##### The Position of the Rebel Forces.

As a general thing the rebel prisoners know very little of the position and strength of their armies, and if they did, it would be very unsafe to trust their reports. One of them, captured on the 27th of Oct., near Hatcher's Run, however, volunteered to communicate all he knew to Maj.-Gen. Warren, of their position and numbers. Our Artist was present on the occasion, and has given a graphic sketch of the scene. The correspondent of a daily paper says that his information was to

be relied on, as he had a personal grievance against his superior officer.

#### ELECTION DAY IN THE ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

Our illustrations of life in camp this week are ample, graphic and interesting. On page 165 we present a sketch illustrative of Election Day in the Army of the Shenandoah. The prominent incident delineated is the voting of Gen. Sheridan and Gen. Crook. The scene must have been as once romantic and solemnly impressive. The weather, on the occasion, was dim and drizzly; but the woods wore their beautiful autumnal foliage, and cast abroad the sombre spell of their shadows and their silence. The polls, constructed of an ambulance wagon and an old cartridge-box, are seen to occupy a commodious position among the trees.



VIEW AT ALLATOONA, GA.—SCENE OF THE BATTLE ON THE 5TH OF OCTOBER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



In the wagon are the authorized inspectors of ballots. The place of voting was that appointed for the 24th Ohio regiment, belonging to the 8th Corps, which is commanded by Gen. Crook. The officer nearest the ballot-box, and in the act of depositing his vote, is Gen. Sheridan. Next to him is Gen. Crook. The former is attended by his dog—an especial favorite. The latter is represented in his customary dress, and carrying a riding-whip under his arm, according to his constant habit. These particulars are sketched from life, and thus the picture gives a truthful idea of the personal presence of these gallant and admired officers. The height of Gen. Crook is 5 feet 11 inches; while Gen. Sheridan is about three inches shorter. Both voted the Republican ticket, their men, meanwhile, cheering around the flag of the Republic, and the regimental band playing the music of Sir Walter Scott's ringing old song of welcome, "Hail to the Chief who in Triumph advances."

**HISsing.**—Hissing to show disapprobation is of great antiquity. Though Shakespeare makes very few allusions to the practice, he speaks once very plainly of it in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." "If I do not act it, hiss me." It was used against public speakers some 19 centuries ago, as appears from the following passage in Cicero's letters: "It is worthy of observation, that Hortensius reached his old age without once incurring the disgrace of being hissed."

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**HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON, President.** **WM. T. PHIPPS, Vice-President.**  
**ROBERT BASSETT, Secretary.**

The New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company has been organized under the laws of the State of New York, for the purpose of mining for petroleum, and other minerals, and dealing in the same. It has located its principal business office in New York City, the largest transit and shipping market for petroleum in the world, and has taken measures to establish a connection with Liverpool, the most extensive receiving market for that oil, outside of this country. The managers and stockholders of the Company include among their number gentlemen largely interested in the petroleum business, and who have gained both wealth and experience in it: facts which justify the confident expectation of careful, intelligent and profitable management. It is believed that by a judicious investment of the funds of the company, dividends of from two to five per cent. a month on the capital stock can be made.

The property to be conveyed to the Company consists of the lands and property enumerated in the following list. Their extent can be greatly enlarged if desirable, and their present development completed, as funds shall come in from subscriptions.

#### LIST OF LANDS AND PROPERTY.

1st.—One-tenth of the working interest in Lot No. 1, on the upper McElhenry Farm, containing ten acres. There are three wells on this lot, two of which are now producing about fifty barrels a day each, the third about ten barrels. A new well is also now in process of drilling, and will soon be completed. On this property are three good engines, tankage for over eleven hundred barrels, tubing, tools, office, &c.

There is room on this lease for several more wells, and all wells put down on or near this territory have been productive. The character of the McElhenry Farm is too well known to need further comment.

2d.—One-fourth of the working interest in Lot No. 6, on the lower McElhenry Farm, containing one acre, and known as the Hatch lease, being the lease next below and adjoining the well known Empire well, which is now producing one hundred barrels a day. On this lot is one well flowing twenty barrels a day, and another well which has been flowing eighty barrels a day, and which is expected to yield again, as soon as a "blower" or air-pump can be put in, which is now nearly prepared. A third well is down and just ready to be tested. A fourth is down about four hundred feet, and is confidently expected to be a good well. There are three good engines, tankage, and an office on this lease.

3d.—One-fourth of the working interest of two lots adjoining, on the late Widow McClintock's Farm, containing half an acre each. On this property there is one well, known as the Freeman Well, now pumping twenty barrels a day; and another down two hundred feet, which is expected to yield a good supply of oil, being within a few feet of a well on the adjoining property which is producing one hundred and fifty barrels, and but a short distance from the celebrated "Hammond Well," yielding three hundred barrels a day. A third well will be sunk immediately on this lease. Two good engines and all the necessary appurtenances are on this property.

4th.—A lot of oil land, in fee simple, on the Caldwell Branch of Oil Creek, containing about one hundred acres, being the south half of that part of Lot No. 103, on the east side of Caldwell Creek, about five miles above Titusville. The Briggs Oil Company own the land on the opposite side of the creek, on which a well is now about to be put down. The surface show of oil on all this land indicates a very rich territory for boring purposes. The above named property of this Company will be immediately put under development.

5th.—A lot of oil land, in fee simple, containing seventy acres, situated on French Creek, about four miles from the Allegheny River. All the land in this vicinity is good, and excellent lubricating oil is produced from wells in the neighborhood.

6th.—A lot, in fee simple, of oil land on Cherry Run, containing about seventy-five acres, situated about three miles above Plumer, and only two miles from the celebrated "Noble Well." All the land on Cherry Run has been purchased, and all the wells put down have been productive. One well is down five hundred feet, with a good show of oil, on the adjoining lot.

7th.—Two-thirds of the working interest in the "Wheeler Well," on the John McClintock Farm, containing one acre more or less. One well is now producing 70 barrels a day, and steadily increasing, and there is ample room for two more wells on the lot. There is an engine and all the necessary appurtenances on the property, which is directly opposite the celebrated Hammond Well, now producing 300 barrels a day.

8th.—One thirty-second of the interest in a lease of three acres on the Foster Farm, near the Porter, Crocker, Sherman, and Noble and Delmarter Wells.

9th.—One-twelfth of the interest in one acre of the G. W. McClintock Farm, adjoining the Mowbray Well; with a good engine, 1,000 feet of tubing, &c., &c. On this land are two wells, both of which have flowed, and will again produce oil if worked.

10th.—One-half of the interest in two acres of oil lands on Cherry Run. This locality is now producing a great excitement in the oil market, large streams of oil having been struck there within a month.

11th.—Fifty acres of land on Oil Creek, five miles above Titusville, having a frontage on the creek of 100 rods.

12th.—The Ridgway Farm, so called, comprising 85 acres of land near Titusville, having a front on Oil Creek of 115 rods, and having already upon it one well which promises to be one of the very best on Oil Creek.

13th.—Two hundred acres of land, three miles above Titusville, with a front of 300 rods on Oil Creek, known as the Newton Farm. This land is undeveloped, and is by experts considered good property.

[N. B.—The three tracts last mentioned are not only valuable as oil land, but also for the lumber; being heavily timbered, and containing water-power and mills now established, which at their utmost capacity are unable to satisfy the demand for their sawed lumber at \$25 per 1,000 feet at the mill.]

14th.—One-half of the interest in two acres on the John McClintock Farm, known as the Buttonwood Lease. This tract fronts for thirty rods on Oil Creek, and contains two wells. Of these No. 1 is now producing ten barrels a day, and No. 2 will produce twenty-five or thirty barrels a day as soon as the proper machinery can be set up.

15th.—One-sixteenth of the interest in two acres on the McElhenry or Funk Farm, near the Empire, Olmstead and Dinmore wells. On this land one well is already down, and producing six barrels of oil per day.

16th.—One hundred and eighty-eight acres of land in fee, on Bull Creek, in the oil region of West Virginia.

17th.—One hundred and sixty-five acres on Cow Creek, West Virginia.

[N. B.—The two last named parcels of land border the two creeks mentioned, and are immediately adjoining oil territory of the best character, and which is now producing as much as any on Oil Creek.]

18th.—Seventy-five acres in fee, near Franklin, Venango county, Pa., with a front of eighty rods on the river. This tract is now yielding twenty-five barrels of a day, having upon it three wells already producing, and four ready for tubing, with the necessary engines and fixtures.

19th.—The Palmer Farm, so called, being one hundred and sixteen acres in fee, three miles from Titusville, extending for a hundred rods along both sides of Oil Creek and being good oil land for its whole extent.

20th.—Seventy-one acres in fee, on Little Oil Creek and Thompson Creek, four miles from Titusville.

21st.—One-sixth of the working interest, being one-twelfth of all the oil produced on a lease situated on the west side of Oil Creek, on the Lower McElhenry Farm, and known as Lot No. 3. One well is already down on this land, the tubing and sucker rods on the ground and paid for, and a good eight-horse power engine ordered.

With this extensive estate already secured to the Company, and with its advantages of membership and management, the prospects it holds out are inferior to none now offered in the market. Indeed, notwithstanding the large number of Oil Companies now organized, the Petroleum business is, in fact, just at its beginning, as a brief statement will show:

"Seneca Oil," as it is sometimes called even now in drug shops, used to be collected by the Seneca and other Indians from the surface of Oil Creek and springs in that region. The first organized effort to obtain oil in the field of the present Petroleum business was not until 1854. The first well was bored at Titusville in 1857, and in August, 1858, at seventy-one feet, the drill fell into a cavity, and the well began to yield one thousand gallons a day. The business immediately received a monstrous impulse, and the supply of oil being quickly recognized as practically permanent, an enormous capital and a still greater speculative interest was at once attracted.

The oil lands are found in western Pennsylvania, north-eastern and south-eastern Ohio, north-eastern Kentucky and western Virginia, not to mention other new fields from time to time found. Throughout these regions, for the last six years, lands have constantly been taken up, wells dug, companies formed, and immense fortunes made. The commercial uses of Petroleum have increased quite as rapidly as the supply, and the market absorbs at once all that is furnished. The speed with which investments are being pushed into the business may be imagined from the facts, that in New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh alone two hundred and fifty Petroleum companies are in operation and quoted in market reports, and that Petroleum raised during the past year in western Pennsylvania alone has been sold crude at the wells for twenty-five million dollars.

In such enterprises to be early in the field is indispensable. Large as the number of companies may seem, it is not so striking as the vast extent of the part already proved of these unknown subterranean treasures of oil. In a few years more, perhaps, some working limit to the business will be reached. Now, however, the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company stands substantially as one of the early enterprises, and offers inducements only exceeded by those very few companies whose stock is practically out of market and inaccessible. With a view to provide for the future advantage of early subscribers, from this reasonable start in business, only a limited portion of the stock of the Company is offered at the present rates.

As one evidence of the opinion of experts about the quality of the property of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company, we copy the following paragraphs from a letter of Mr. Mowbray, an operative chemist of reputation, established at Titusville, and prominent in the oil business from its very beginning:

"W. T. Phipps, Esq., Vice-President, etc.:

"Dear Sir—

"I have observed that, without fail, the best wells have been reached in what was formerly the old bed of Oil Creek. The Drake well, the Sherman well, the Noble well, and the Story Farm wells are instances of this. Your lands here are mainly the Old Creek bottom. It (the creek) is now diverted south of them, and in the summer the evolution of gas has been so offensive to the grass-growers, that they have left them during mid-day for another part of the field. The Union Company's well, not down to the third sandstone, in the same formation, gives a first-rate show of oil.

"If these are not the indications of oil territory, then only until after a series of wells has been actually sunk on the land can any opinion be formed. What the value of the land will then be you can judge, but the price will be beyond any present purchaser's means. I am only adding that I have not the interest of one cent in these lands, but say what I really think for your guidance.

"Yours very respectfully,

"GEO. M. MOWBRAY."

"TITUSVILLE, Pa., Oct. 10, 1864.

"Dear Sir—

"I have observed that, without fail, the best wells have been reached in what was formerly the old bed of Oil Creek. The Drake well, the Sherman well, the Noble well, and the Story Farm wells are instances of this. Your lands here are mainly the Old Creek bottom. It (the creek) is now diverted south of them, and in the summer the evolution of gas has been so offensive to the grass-growers, that they have left them during mid-day for another part of the field. The Union Company's well, not down to the third sandstone, in the same formation, gives a first-rate show of oil.

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2,000 " " " " " "	5	" 10
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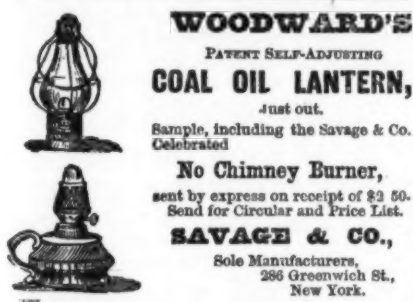
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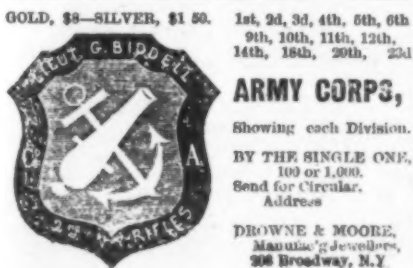
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